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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

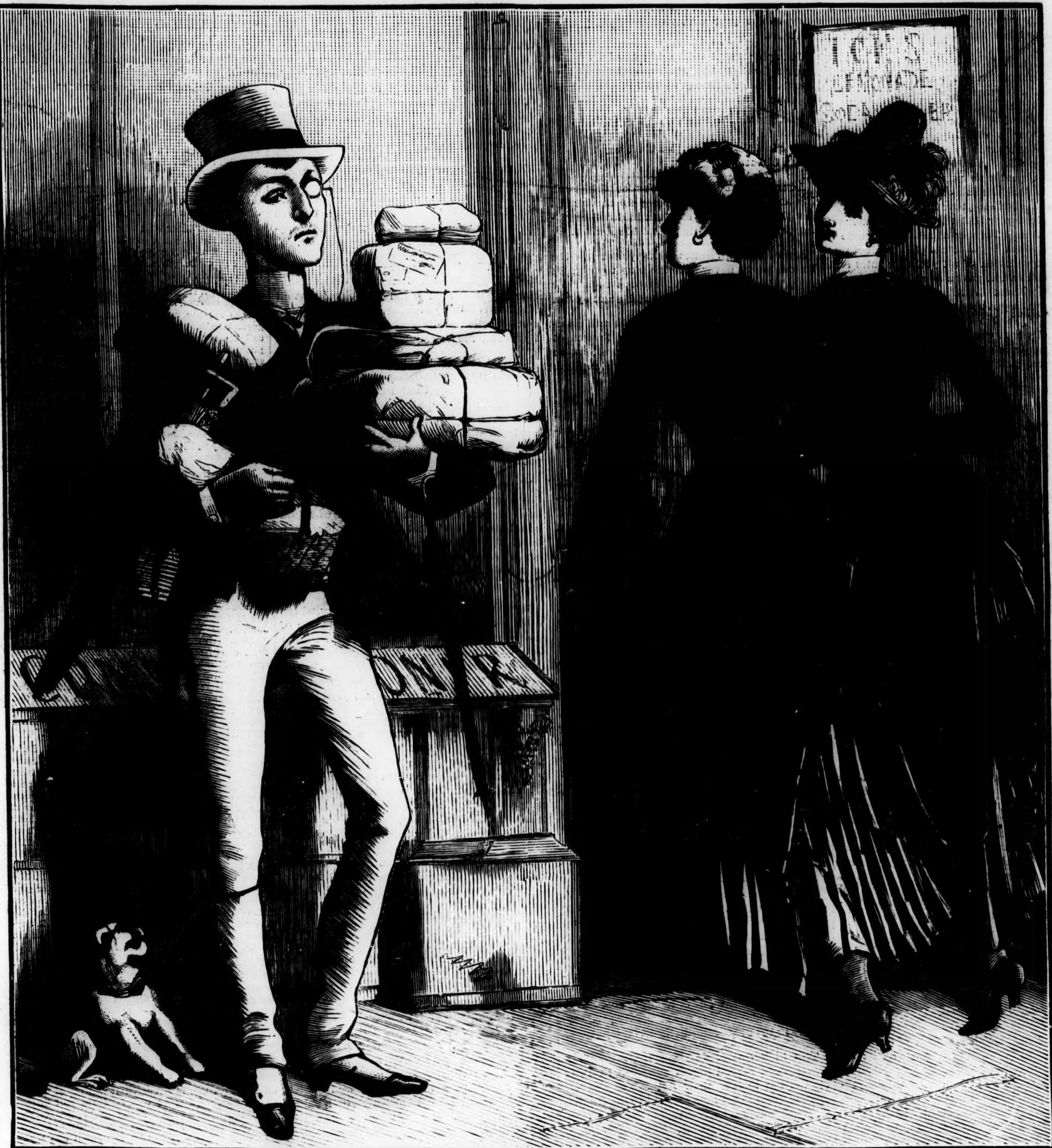
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE FIRST DAY'S SHOPPING.

HOW THE SEASON OF FASHIONABLE EXTRAVAGANCE REOPENS IN NEW YORK.



RICHARD K. FOX. - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1885.

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**THE YACHT RACE.**

Our magnificent illustration of the yacht race to which we have devoted so much of our space this week, is one more proof of the fact that no publication in the world can vie with our artistic resources or enterprise. Compared with it, all the pictures of the great aquatic scene provided by other New York newspapers, are simply childish and ridiculous. It takes us every time to show how the thing ought to be done, and we have only to point to our Grant quadruple page, our Sullivan-McCaffrey double page and our superb quadruple block in this issue to prove it.

It is a great pity that the Yankee smartness of the Puritan's skipper should have made a mess of the first day's match. His conduct was a flagrant violation of all yachting rules and regulations, and he gave a good chance to the sour and sorehead Britshers to claim that the collision was a put up job. Luckily the action of the New York Yacht Club Committee, as gentlemanly as it was legitimate, and the equal courtesy of Sir Richard Sutton made the incident have a pleasant instead of a disagreeable ending.

The best boat will win and that, after all, is the only consummation to be devoutly wished.

**THE REAL COWBOY.**

The real Milesian may differ widely from the Irishman of the stage, the Yankee of the books may have little in common with the genuine article, the Dutchman we read about and the Dutchman we see about may be of separate mold, but all these are as naught to the mighty gulf that stretches between the cowboy of the dime show and the cowboy of the prairie. The real cowboy does not wear buckskin clothes, because they are to be procured only in New York at the theatrical costumers, he does not let his hair grow long, he does not affect hip boots, he does not habitually carry a Winchester rifle—he is a day laborer in a duck suit and a pair of brogans. It is true that he occasionally sallies out and paints the fleeting hours with crimson dyes, but beyond this it would be hard to name a single peculiarity that has been accorded him in the pages of fiction and in dime museums. It is cruel to strike a blow at cherished traditions, but truth is mighty and must prevail.

THE Jersey druggist responsible for the death of two young girls who swallowed a poisonous mixture put up by him instead of the doctor's prescription, explains that he "was talking with some men when the prescription was handed in, and, being much interested in the conversation, took down the wrong jar of drugs." And he ought to hang for it.

AFTER all Spain's bluster about Germany annexing the Caroline Islands, Bismarck calmly sends Alfonso a note informing him that he has not changed his mind about the annexation scheme, but that when he gets good and ready he will take charge of the Islands whether the young king and his people like it or not, or words to that effect.

A VERY ingenuous colored man has just been arrested in Georgia. This African of fertile resources has been making a good living by claiming to be delegated by ex-President Arthur and others to organize the negroes into a protective association against the Democrats and to collect small regular dues for a higher select organization, of which he was the only known representative. He has been working this little scheme for a long time and lining his pockets with good American dollars. Now he has got to the end of his rope and languishes in a dungeon cell.

JACK BURKE thinks McCaffrey is the Artful Dodger of pugilism.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND once more stretches his legs under that big desk.

THERE appears to be a great calm in Chicago. Carter Harrison must be behaving himself.

PASTOR DOWNS should sit on himself. In doing so he would have the gratitude of a suffering people.

WIFE murderers attend their victims' funerals out in St. Louis. This is a little too much even for Chicago.

SPAIN fired her pop-gun at Germany. Bismarck smiled serenely when he heard the slight noise caused by the explosion.

THE moonlighters of Ireland will knock the daylight out of the home-rule movement unless they can be prevailed upon to keep quiet.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL denies that he has lost his love for America and turned Englishman. "Jeems" has come home to rustle for a living.

BERRY WALL, the "King of the Dudes," has failed. This man had a suit of clothes for every day in the year and five hundred pairs of trousers.

IT is proposed to build a big hotel in Washington for the special accommodation of Missouri Colonels waiting there for Cleveland's autograph.

FRANCE should keep very quiet in the present trouble with Spain and Germany. A little of her interference will go a long way with the "Iron Chancellor."

LORD COLERIDGE, as Chief Justice of England, has decided that boycotting is conspiracy. Now let him have his children indicted for giving their new stepmother the cold shoulder.

JOHN SHERMAN prates about preserving the Union, but he never wore the blue to do it. If the president should call for troops to-morrow Sherman would become as dumb as an oyster.

THE Germans celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their victory over the French at Sedan yesterday. These little attentions do much toward cementing the ties which bind, etc.

THE Ainsworth News alludes to a "vile contemporary" as "a walking joke of the Almighty." A joke that has attained its majority would seem to be a chestnut—no reflection meant in this.

M. FLOWRY, an official in the treasury department at Rouen, France, having been detected in embezzling public funds, committed suicide the other day. He had no Canada in which to take refuge.

PARIS is going into ecstasies over the new tenor, Duc, who has been making quite a sensation as Roland in "William Tell." By the time he is worn out he will come to America and ask \$5,000 a night.

COUNT TOLSTOI, the Russian statesman, poet and baiter of Nihilists, having taken to earning his bread by shoemaking, is naturally viewed as insane by the court, and has been placed in a lunatic asylum.

THE Georgia legislature appoints a "board of honor" to investigate personal differences between members. It now has four of these "boards" engaged. In the good old days the coroner used to do this work.

A POLICEMAN stopped the music at a dance in the West End, Cincinnati, recently because he couldn't sleep when such a racket was going on. Some people seem to think a policeman hasn't anything to worry him.

THE Chicago Socialists are a queer set. A parade is their safety-valve. After it is over they subside for a time. When they get up steam again another parade restores the equilibrium. A funny lot of humans.

AN experienced Philadelphia merchant recently fell into the hands of a bunco steerer and was swindled out of a large amount of money. Modern enterprise is making its way slowly in the City of Brotherly Love.

THE high collar must go, if gentlemanly wearers who get full nights and sleep in their clothes are to save their lives. Mr. Andrew Jack of Toronto got home loaded to the nostrils with ardent spirits a few nights ago, and went to bed in his daily raiment. In the morning he was found dead with blood issuing from his mouth and nose, having been strangled by the high collar he wore. This sad affair teaches that Toronto whiskey in excess and stiff high collars do not correlate satisfactorily.

A MIDDLETOWN man made a bet that he could remain under water two minutes. He did, and his friends were claiming that he had beaten the record, when it was discovered that a coroner would have to be summoned.

IN Russia a society was organized to kill off babies, in order to spare them the tortures of measles, whooping-cough and other infantile diseases. The society was quelled, and the organizer is thinking the matter over in Siberia.

THE story that Bonanza Mackay is about to become the purchaser of the *Herald* and put John Russell Young, whom the *Sun* long denounced as "a sneak news thief," at the head of it, will hardly wash. Still, stranger things have happened.

MR. GLADSTONE'S health has been quite restored by his yachting trip, but there are some doubts as to the condition of his voice. Many fear that his mellifluous bazoo is hardly powerful enough to be generally heard in the forthcoming elections.

IT is remarked as a notable coincidence that just as the Presidential fishing party emerges from the woods rumors are afloat that the State Fish Commissioner of New York talks of the necessity of re-stocking the trout streams of the Adirondacks.

GOV. MARMADUKE says the foul stain of train robbery must be removed from the fair name of Missouri. The train robbers of Missouri are doing nothing that Gen. John L. Marmaduke and his associates did not teach their fathers to do a few years back.

KHEDIVE TEWFIK, of Egypt, is the special object of the Sultan's enmity just at present, and it is proposed to "turn the rascal out" and put his father, old Ismail, in the place. Ismail's restoration would be likely to make the Egyptians sicker, if possible, than they are now.

THE St. Louis papers are making the most of the Maxwell sensation. Among other things they give their readers the impression that all England is torn up over the question who murdered Preller, while such minor matters as Egypt and the new suffrage laws are forgotten.

PEOPLE contemplating a visit to St. Louis during the 2-cent grab-bag exposition in that town should have their initials branded on their right flank in order that there may be no question as to their identity when their mutilated remains are discovered in the trunks, valises, and cigar-boxes of the hotel where they put up.

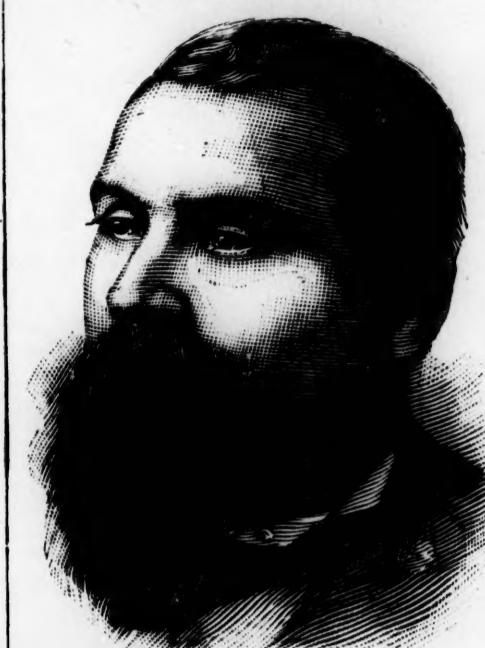
WE see that the Rev. Mr. Jardine, the Kansas City clergyman who is on church trial for alleged immorality, has hired a lawyer to defend him before the clerical court and jury. We think this is pretty good moral evidence of something or other, which, with a discreet fear of a libel suit before our eyes, we will not specify.

BUFFALO, N. Y., is to have a crematory, which will be constructed under the supervision of Guiseppe Venini, of Milan, Italy. He thinks that the citizens of Buffalo will cremate very nicely, as there is a wonderful absence of sand in their composition. Mr. Venini read the American papers during the last presidential campaign.

MR. KEILEY prances back from Austria, lurid red as to his head, and seething hot as to his collar, and wants the United States to just get up and annihilate Austria for its treatment of his sacred self. Inasmuch as Austria is not compelled by any law of nations to accept any minister distasteful to her, Mr. Kelley's burning indignation is somewhat unnecessary. Perhaps, also, if Mr. Kelley would show a little more brain and a little less mouth just at this juncture, and would entomb himself in the depths of his native obscurity, he might assist materially in resting a much-wearied people.

A WAVE of murder seems to have swept over Chicago and vicinity lately, and in the majority of the cases the identity of the murderer is shrouded in mystery. First Mrs. Walsh came to her death in a horrible manner in her Fulton street home. This was soon followed by the terrible murder of Mrs. Kledzieck and the killing of Kate Snyder and Mrs. Scully by "Puggy" O'Leary. Then followed the murder of Officers Grant and McNett, at Geneva; William Mott, on Halsted street; Michael Smith (killed for robbing an orchard), and Daniel McKinney, found dead at Colehour with a bullet hole in his head. The police have fixed the guilt of the Kledzieck murder and arrested the suspect, but O'Leary escaped, and the police are not reasonably sure as to whom the other crimes were committed by, save in the case of the lad Smith, where the murderer, a man of seventy, surrendered himself.

**SPORTIVE PERSONALS.**



E. D. Humphery is one of the best known and most popular sporting gentlemen connected with the sheriff's office at Great Barrington, Mass., where he has run many crooks to the ground.

DR. A. S. Roberts, of Philadelphia, has purchased the cutter Moya, formerly owned by Ed. Burgess, of Boston, Mass.

Herr Oppenheimer, of Hanover, is said to be the greatest breeder of horses in Europe. He generally has on an average 600 horses in his stables.

The Windsor (Ont.) Rugby Football Club on Aug. 26 elected the following officers: President, J. C. Patterson; vice, Mayor Cleary; secretary and treasurer, W. Parkyn; captain, H. S. Millar.

Fish Carter, the colored sprinter, who for some time past has been a member of the police force in Philadelphia, was last week removed, the charge against him being that he was found sleeping on post.

The following will officiate as judges for the Western Field-trials Association's meeting at Abilene, Kan., beginning Nov. 9: Col. W. E. Hughes, Dallas, Tex.; D. C. Bergenthal, Indianapolis, and C. Sterling, St. Louis.

Paddy Fitzgerald, the champion long-distance pedestrian, has finally succeeded in obtaining a license for the saloon connected with his athletic grounds in Ravenswood, L. I. So those in future who call upon the ex-Alderman, on either business or pleasure bent, need not want for a drop of something soothing.

Cuthbert D. Vesey, the English amateur long-distance rider, while exercising on the Belgrave Road Grounds, Leicester, Aug. 18, was brought down a burster by a cricket ball, which lodged in the large wheel of his machine. He received severe injuries, the worst being a gash above the left knee joint. He will hardly be able to appear on the track again this year.

Mr. Graham, of Howard House, Great Corby, Eng., has suffered a great loss by the death of his crack greyhound, Glen Islay, by Glenlivet out of Glengowan. On Aug. 13 Glen Islay accidentally got scent of a hare which he had run for about 200 yards only, when he dropped down dead from apoplexy.

He was admittedly the fastest puppy seen out last year, and was full of promise. Mr. Graham's ill-fortune did not end with Glen Islay's death. On Aug. 17, his valuable brood bitch, Meg Hill, died when helping to bed time, bitch and litter being lost.

Jacob E. Buckout, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has just completed a new ice yacht for Commodore John A. Roosevelt. The frame is of butternut, and the dimensions are as follows: Length of frame, 48 feet; from end of bowsprit to end of mainboom, 51 feet; spread of runner plank, 25 feet; length of spar, 29 feet; mainboom, 32 feet; gaff, 15 feet; jibboom, 16 feet; hoist of sail, 20 feet; sail on boom, 31 feet; on staff, 14 feet; on leach, 37 feet; hoist of jib, 23 feet; on foot, 15 feet; on stay, 28 feet; length of head runners, 7 feet; rudder, 4 feet 10 inches; length of box, 8 feet 10 inches. Buckout is now building a yacht for E. H. Sanford.

The society people summering at Lake Conemaugh, in the Allegheny Mountains, were much interested in a select rowing regatta which took place there Aug. 22. The event in which the greatest interest was taken was a single-scuil race for ladies, one-quarter mile. The following ladies, all members of the wealthiest families of Pittsburgh and Allegheny City, were among the contestants: Miss A. M. Lawrence, Miss M. G. Hussey, Miss Lillie Rankin, Miss Semple, Miss M. B. Sharp, Miss E. B. Suydam, Miss T. M. Lawrence, Miss R. E. Henderson, Miss Clara Hussey, Miss M. L. Lawrence and Miss M. B. McIntosh. There was also a single-scuil race for girls under fifteen years of age, same course. There were four entries: Alice Holdship, Ida Irwin, Annie Semple and Belle Sharpe. In the former Miss E. B. Suydam won, with Anna Semple second. In the latter Ida Irwin won, with Anna Semple second.

Concerning the recent refusal of Fred Archer to accept "a retainer" from the Prince of Wales, London *Truth* says: "This is the first of the numerous mortifying adventures which H. R. H. will probably encounter in his new character as an owner of race horses. Being accustomed to find his wishes regarded as commands, it must have been rather startling for him to have his overture rejected, and H. R. H. will begin to appreciate the force of Lord George Bentinck's remark that 'all men are equal on the turf and under it.' The Prince was ill-advised in offering a retainer to Archer, as it was out of all reason to suppose that he would pay the sort of sum which that jockey is now accustomed to receive, and Archer would scarcely care to bind himself to ride for an owner whose stud will be very small and whose horses will run only at crack meetings. Archer is quite right in his own interest not to accept retainers from anybody, as he can now command his own terms and is 'put on' in a single race quite as much as the great jockeys of old days were accustomed to make in half-a-dozen years."

## DRAMATIC DOINGS.

## The Extraordinary Matrimonial Experiences of Herr Napthali, the Celebrated Cornet.

The celebrated artists of the concert hall have their matrimonial tribulations just like their brethren of the stage. Art, anyhow, seems to be singularly exposed to vicissitudes of this kind, whether it be of the lyric, the operatic, the symphonic or the dramatic variety.

This week, to point the melancholy moral of the matrimonial tale, we receive news of the untimely death, and the consequent collapse of his connubia'



His first venture.

possibilities, of poor Gerald Eyre, otherwise known in early life as Arthur Stuart or words to a similar effect. So long as Eyre had the chance, he accumulated conjugal experiences at a dazzling rate, and between New York and San Francisco is said to have played havoc with at least three hundred susceptible and demonstrative maids, matrons and widows.

What is the result of Gerald's miscellaneousness, as it were? Why, an early and premature death in the wilds of Australia.

Then there was the celebrated and, as the Germans



His second experiment.

say, universally-renowned cornet-artist-performer, Herr Napthali. That eminent man was born in a small Hebrew snuff and cigar shop on the Strand in London. At an early age he evinced a great musical talent, his performances on the small tooth comb, with an intervening piece of tissue paper, being the admiration of the entire neighborhood.

Taught the French horn by a competent but threadbare professor of that instrument, he made his *début* as a member of the orchestra of a Southwark free-and-easy which compensated its performers for their services in beer and bacchus. It was under such flattering conditions that he met and married the coy and



His third risk.

charming Mlle. Pollina Higginbottomini, the celebrated ten-and-sixpence-a-week *premiere danseuse* of the Apollo Shades.

In six months, thanks to the intervention of his leader, he enlisted in the band of the Grenadier



He jumps his native land

Guards as sixth cornet *a-piston*, and made a second venture, this time espousing a Jewish lady with a great talent of frying fish in oil.

In less than two years Herr Napthali deserted from the grenadiers and hurried to St. Petersburg on a capital fund raised by entrusting his wife's diamonds and silverware to the kindly and careful custody of a brother Hebrew in the money-breaking line. In the Russian capital he jumped for the third time into



Another batch of responsibilities

matrimony, and took unto himself for wife a charming Frenchwoman who had been on terms of more than mere intimacy with half the Imperial Guard.

His return to England was just long enough to enable him to take the first out-going steamer New York bound. By an unlucky accident (attributed by himself to the machinations of his enemies) his three raging consorts "got on" to his elopement and he had to run for his life.

For six years he remained in New York, playing his horn with taste and vigor at every concert in which



The last stage

he was invited to assist, and marrying at regular intervals of three months, ladies of unquestionable virtue and extraordinary housekeeping attainments, but neither rich nor beautiful. In this way, it is estimated, he contributed at least eighteen souls to the population of the United States.

And now what is he doing, thanks to his rash and reckless passion for the marriage state?

Well, in a claw hammer coat, minus one of its tails, and so run down and seedy that the casual policeman has serious thoughts of "running him in" on mere speculation, he haunts the tenement neighborhoods of the east side, tooting on his bugle horn, and, it is whispered, more than once serenading a house full, from basement to garret, of his own ex-wives, who, with one consent, reward his performances with red-hot pennies.

## STAGE WHISPERS.

**Redfield Clark** (tenor) goes out with "Zozo." B. J. Kendrick is in advance.

**James W. Forrest** is doing the heavy with *Adress' Streets of London* Co.

**Courtenay Thorpe** will do the juvenile leads with the Rosina Vokes Company here.

**Gus Frohman** will subside this season to the management of his brother's "May Blossom" Co., of which Ramsay Morris will work ahead.

**Ed. R. Lang**'s "Scheming" Co. resume Sept. 14, at Richmond, Va., with Aaron Appleton as manager and Dennis Grinnell as a new member.

**Harry Colton** goes out with "Kentuck," under J. H. Hazleton's management, opening in the west. Ade Melville, Gibbs Morgan and Chas. Tremaire are engaged for the company.

**Harry Boakes**, champion court-tennis player of Canada, won three out of four games played with Thomas Pettit, at the Casino building, Newport, R. I., Aug. 26. Pettit gave his opponent 30 on every alternate game and 15 on the others.

**Miss Emma Howson** is shortly to wed a Brooklyn gentleman of means and social distinction, and, therefore, will not be a member of her brother John's company. Miss Louise Lester will play the part in "Putting on Style" originally intended for her.

**Louis James** has decided to become a star in the "legitimate," and has signed a contract for three years with Mr. Frank Farrell, who will manage his business. His repertory will include "Virginia," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Gisippus" (Gerald Griffin's play produced in 1842 by Macready at the Drury Lane in London), and two or three comedies, and will begin his tour in September, 1886.

**Mr. Joseph Jefferson** one day said to Mr. W. S. Gilbert: "I have been reading your exquisite 'Wicked World,' and felt that you could write the most beautiful comedy of our generation if you would only portray a heroine with a heart. Why don't you?" "Because," was the cynical reply, "I have never met a woman with a heart from whom I could draw such a heroine."

**Manager Henry Thomas**, of Montreal, writes as follows to H. S. Taylor, in response to a telegram: "I wish to say that reports about smallpox here are very much exaggerated. The disease is mostly confined to the outskirts of the city, and largely prevalent among children, especially French-Canadians. These people are bitterly opposed to vaccination. The west end of Montreal is free from the disease. If there was any danger I would not keep the Academy open: nor would I remain in the city myself. So please do not cancel any engagements. The disease will have died out in a week or so."

**There is no longer any doubt** about Ellen Terry's coming here again. A London correspondent says: "Ellen Terry is fully determined to recross the Atlantic with a company of her own. Having vainly urged Irving to make another tour, she is thought to be vexed with his obstinacy, and inclined to punish him therefor. Her intimate friends say she is so whimsical and changeable that no one knows, nor does she know herself, one week what she will do the next. She always speaks of Americans in terms of glowing enthusiasm, calling them the most generous, chivalrous and appreciative of all nations." Oh, yes, Ellen is coming. And she's sending her taffy in advance.

**Mr. Federici**, the admirable *Mikado* in Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company, says: "Carleton is a magnificent singer; but I have one fault to find with all your American singers. They don't enunciate distinctly. I have been sixteen years on the stage and served a three years' apprenticeship to Sims Reeves. He gave me one maxim: 'Take care of the words; the music will take care of itself.' 'Nanon' is superb, but I scarcely could hear a single word that was said." The *Mikado* Federici is very far from being wrong, but he ought to know that Mr. Carleton was born and learned singing in England. It should be said here in praise of Mr. Federici that seldom has there been heard a more distinct enunciation on the operatic stage than that of this gentleman.

**A well-known agent** tells a good tenor story about his experience in attempting to engage Herr Goetz of Cologne for the season at the New York Metropolitan Opera House. He made Herr Goetz what he supposed was a very liberal offer and was somewhat surprised that it was declined. Further inquiry, however, revealed the fact that there were no grounds for wonderment. Herr Goetz, it appears, is the possessor of a contract which guarantees him, after a few years work, a net fortune of \$100,000. A prominent city banker, moreover, has already given him a house, while another supplies him with a carriage and horse, and a third is busy looking up a collection of paintings for the public's idol. Under the circumstances, the agent concluded not to bid for the tenor's services.

**The company** engaged to support Miss Rosina Vokes during her tour, which is to begin in October, will include Mrs. Coplestone, Messrs. W. J. Elliott, Brandon Thomas, Weldon Grossmith (a brother of George Grossmith), Charles Grove, Bernard Gould, G. W. Gardner, J. F. Young and W. F. Shuler. Miss Edith Gellibrand will also come over for the tour. This young lady has the advantage of being a beautiful and accomplished woman. She belongs to a very good English family, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte was anxious to have engaged her for "The Mikado." She was, however, already secured. Miss Vokes will make her reappearance in America in the first instance at the Globe theatre, Boston, in "The Parvenu," a piece which was played with some success at Wallack's theatre, with Mr. William Elton in the title role, some seasons back. In addition to this, she will also appear in "Nan, the Good for Nothing," "The Milliner's Bill" and several other plays. A good many years have slipped away since last the laughing Rosina was seen (and heard) in America, and her return will be all the more welcome.

## FOULED BY THE PURITAN.

The Genesta loses her jibboom and is offered the race.

## [Subject of Illustration]

There was an attempt made on Sept. 8 to sail the first of the series of races for the America Cup, but it resulted, like the trial of the previous day, in disappointment, and all the more keen because there was a fine breeze and all circumstances favorable for a splendid race. The failure was due to a collision between the Puritan and the Genesta, by which the British cutter lost her bowsprit.

The preparatory whistle was blown at 11:30 o'clock. The wind was south-southeast. The Puritan was running down across the bow of the mark-boat before the wind and with sheets aft on the port tack. The Genesta was running towards her on the starboard tack and wore around in the Puritan's course. Both boats hauled up sharp on a wind, the Genesta a half-dozen lengths in advance. In these positions they reached into the northward and westward of the lightship. When about three of the allotted five minutes between the preparatory and the starting whistles had elapsed the Genesta tacked for the line. She was then upon the starboard tack and had the right of way. The Puritan was approaching her on her lee bow. There were evidently divided councils on the Yankee boat. At first she was kept off, as if to go under the cutter's stern. Then it was apparently decided to tack her and she came up in the wind. Then finally it was thought that she could squeeze by across the cutter's bow and tack, coming over the line with her on the starboard tack and "blanketing" her; that is, depriving her of the wind when on the line, thus becalming her and obtaining thereby an advantageous lead.

Had the maneuver succeeded it would have been praised as a very clever piece of seamanship. It did not succeed. Had the British boat been kept off ever so little a collision might have been avoided, but she was not. With an Englishman's stubborn assertion of an undoubted right, the Genesta was kept straight on her course. Some said she was even luffed a trifle. Anyhow, her bowsprit went crashing through the Puritan's mainsail, tearing a hole in it near the clew about four feet square. The Boston sloop kept on and the strong leech rope of the mainsail would not part, and so the bowsprit of the Genesta, with a mighty crash, was broken short off close to the stem.

The Luckenbach got up her anchor and went alongside of the crippled cutter, and Sir Richard Sutton hailed and asked:

"What is the legal time for lodging a protest?"

After some consultation Dr. Woodbury, for the committee, replied:

"Three o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

"That is the limit?" asked Mr. Beavor-Webb.

"That is the legal limit," was the reply.

"We will get our own towboat," said Mr. Webb.

"No," said Mr. Tams, "we will tow you up."

After further consultation the tug again approached the Genesta, and Mr. Tams, hailing, said:

"We have ruled the Puritan out; you can sail the race if you wish to do so."

"There is scant time to do it in seven hours," was the reply, and Mr. M. Roosevelt Schuyler, who was on board of the Genesta, said:

"We have not much bowsprit to sail with."

"It is for you to decide," said Mr. Tams. "The provisions of the arrangement with Sir Richard Sutton at Newport —"

He was interrupted by Mr. Schuyler, who said:

"If we go, what do you call our starting time?"

"We will take position and give the signal if you decide to go."

"You mean," said Mr. Schuyler, "that you will give us time to repair damages, to rig a spinnaker boom or a bowsprit; it won't take us long."

Before any answer was made to this Sir Richard Sutton said:

"We are very much obliged to you, but we can't do it. We don't want it that way. We want a race; we don't want a walk over."

A boat came along side and a gentleman asked:

"Will there be a race to-morrow?"

"No," said Mr. Tams.

"When," said the gentleman.

"That depends," said Mr. Tams. "She will have to have a new bowsprit, and we shall give her all the time she wants."

The broken spar was then taken on board of the Genesta, the bobstays being unshackled from the stem, and then the yacht was taken in tow by the Luckenbach up the bay. The Ocean King was ordered to tow the Puritan up, and did so.

Upon arrival off Staten Island Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes and Gen. Paine went on board the Luckenbach and informed the committee that they very much regretted the unfortunate collision, and were preparing a letter to Sir Richard Sutton expressive of their regret and stating that the collision was due entirely to an error of judgment on the part of the captain of the Puritan. He thought he had room to clear the Genesta, but was mistaken. They begged Sir Richard to have all the damage repaired and send the bill to them. Mr. Beavor-Webb went immediately to the city on Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry's steam yacht Electra to make arrangements for a new bowsprit, and the pieces of the old one were taken to the yard of the Messrs. Poillon, foot of Bridge street, Brooklyn, who will soon make a new spar. The bobstay, rod of copper fully one and one-half inches in diameter, was bent by the collision into the form of a hook, and this was also taken up to Poillon's yard to be straightened.

## THE FIRST DAY'S SHOPPING.

## [Subject of Illustration]

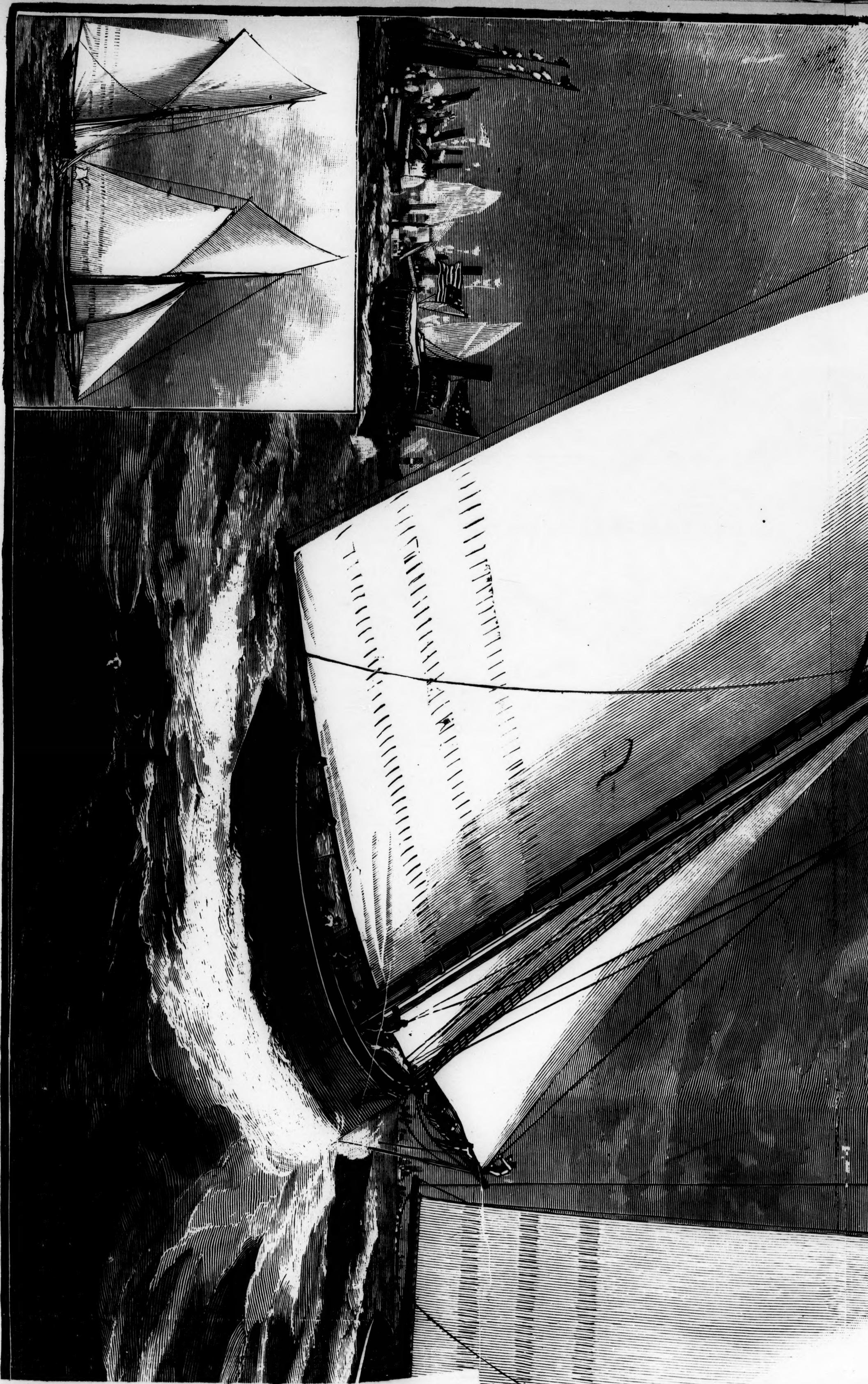
Swelldom is back again in town, and the harmless, unnecessary dude has already begun once more to carry shopping parcels. See him in the act on our front page.

**Now since** the Boston *Herald* and Boston *Globe* have commenced scrapping, their villainy is being rapidly exposed. We learn from the *Globe* that the *Herald* is the "official organ and mouthpiece of the Boston management," and that their scribe in his great haste to publish a "baseball exclusive" was guilty of the nefarious act of making his announcement from six to seven hours before the business was actually transacted. This is a most infamous procedure, and if the Boston public do not rise up in a body and tar and feather that scribe and drum him out of town, they have no patriotism about them.

## THE MATCH OF THE

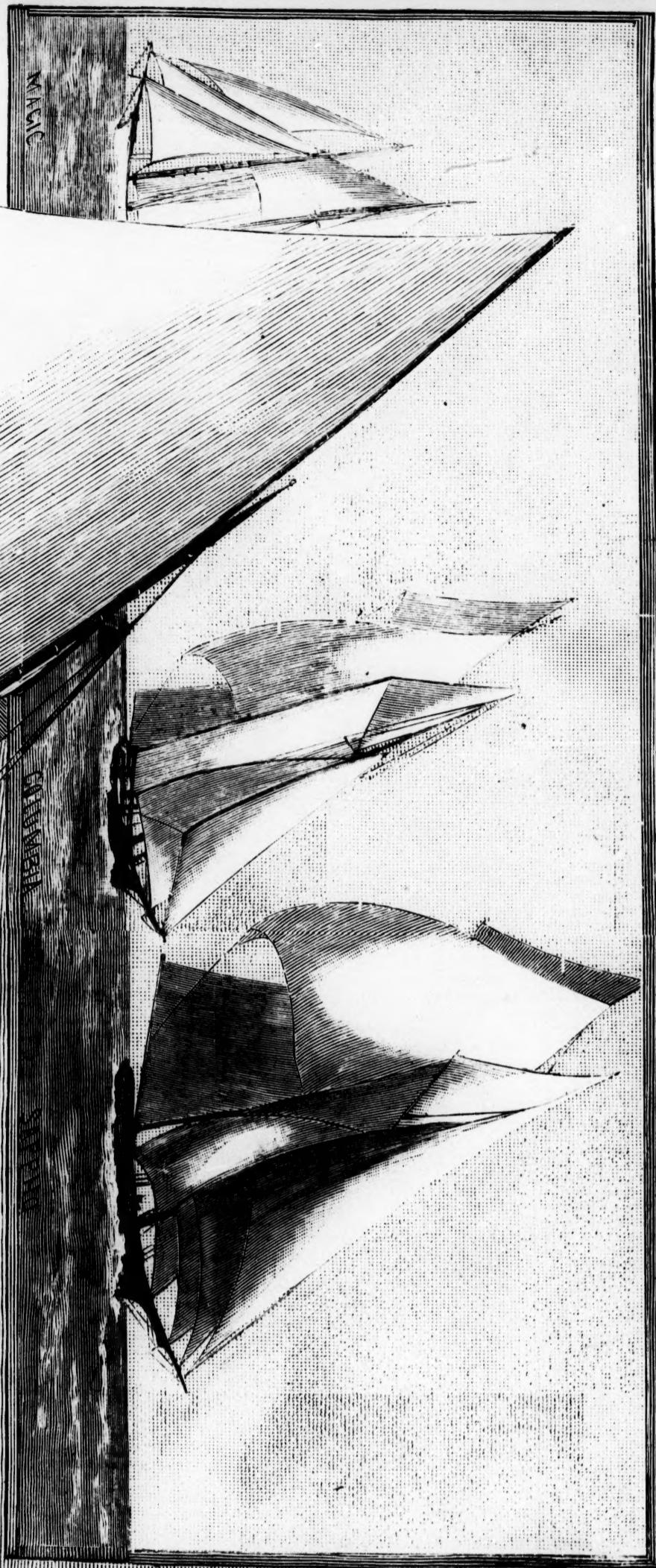
BOSTON'S FLEET CHAMPION ACCIDENTALLY COLLIDES WITH BRITA

[From Instantaneous Photographs, Oct. 4]



SEPT. 19, 1851.

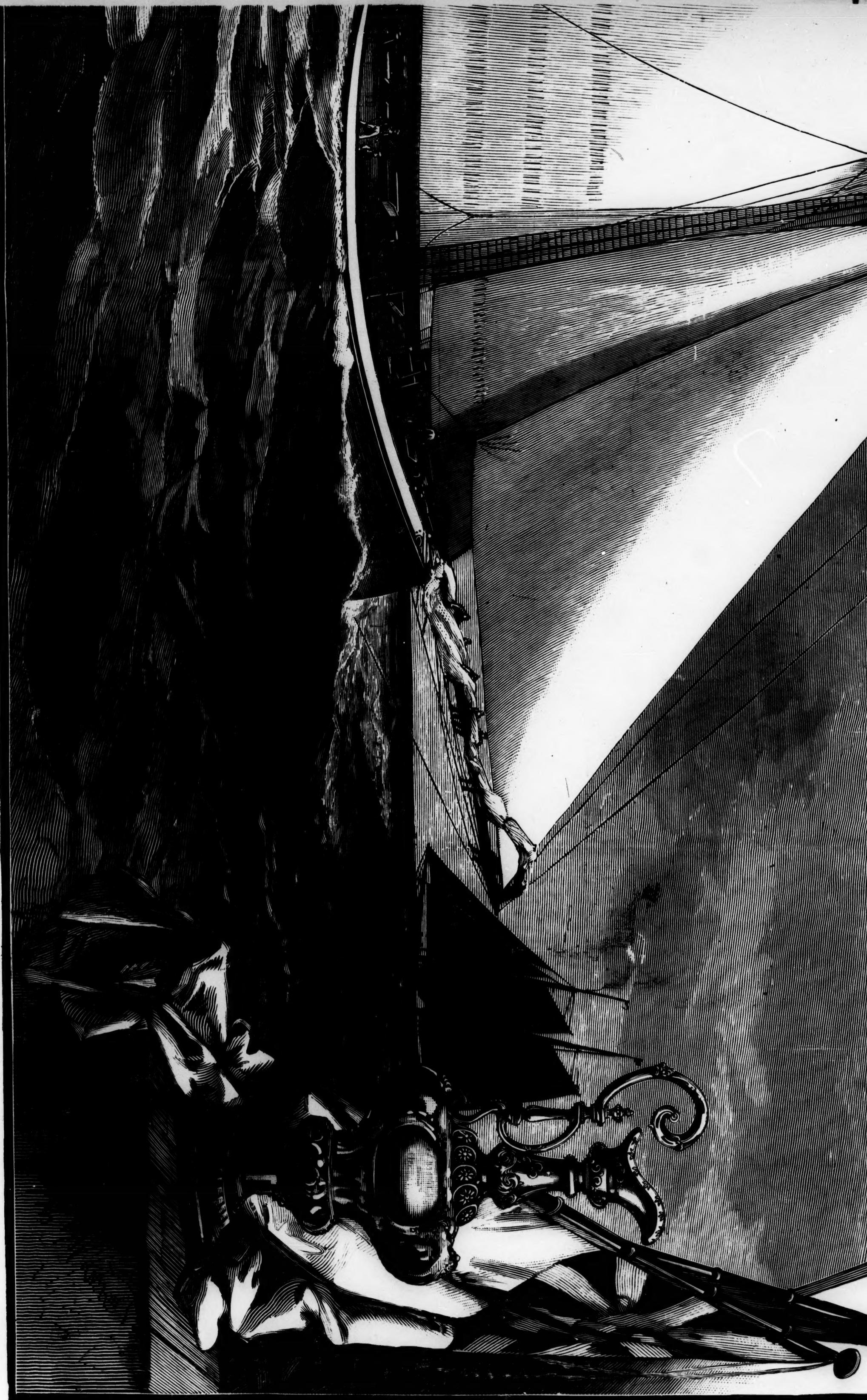
THE NATIONAL POLICE



# OCEAN MONARCHS!

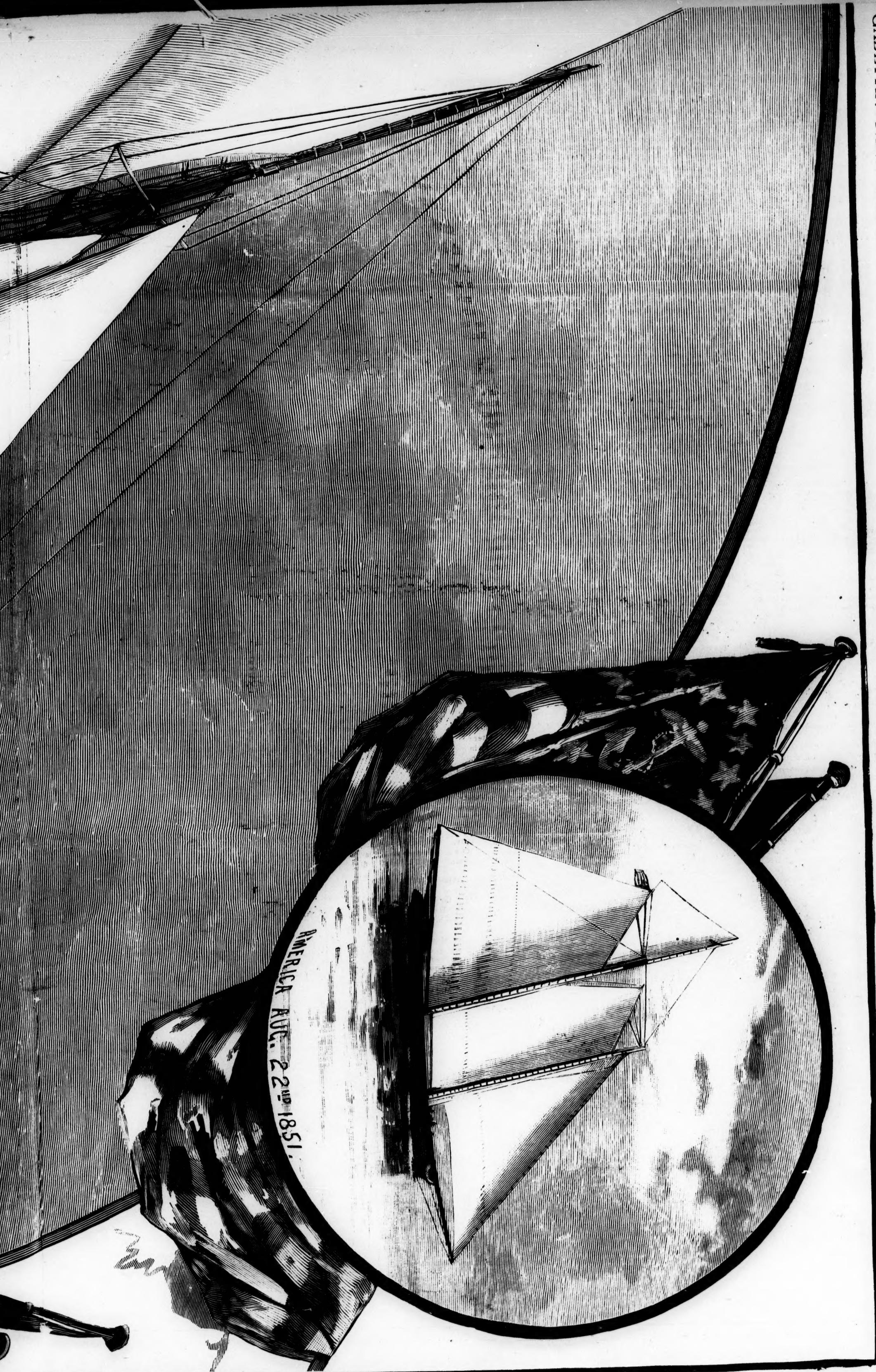
IN'S PLUCKY REPRESENTATIVE AND THE RACE IS CALLED OFF.

Sketches Made by Our Special Artists.



GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

[SEPT. 10, 1885.]



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

## A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.

## A PLUCKY WOMAN.

The town of Lewisburg, Pa., was greatly excited again last week over the Harrison-Orwig contest regarding the boundary wall between the Cameron House and Mr. Orwig's residence. Whenever Mr. Orwig is absent from home Mrs. Harrison takes advantage of his absence to tear down a portion of his property. The other day she appeared upon the ground with three workmen and commenced cutting off two feet of Mr. Orwig's porch. Three or four women of the house constituted its only defenders. Two nieces of Mr. Orwig, who chanced to be visiting their uncle, quick as lightning adjusted the hose and



turned a full stream of water on Dr. Harrison and the workmen. A large crowd quickly gathered and cheered on the plucky girls. Dr. Harrison threatened to throw an iron down on the girls if they did not desist, but at this the crowd became infuriated and threatened to demolish the new addition to the Cameron house and the doctor with it if he dared to lay a hand upon the girls, who by this time had climbed up to within close range of the workmen who were taking off the roof, and placing the nozzle close to the workmen's faces gave them the benefit of the full stream. The workmen got an umbrella and tried to shield themselves, but it was useless. The girls had "enlisted for the war" and were bound to "fight it out on that line," and after battling for an hour and a half they had the satisfaction of seeing their enemies lay down their "arms" and surrender. Large crowds of the most respectable ladies and gentlemen of the place gathered around the girls and cheered them on. If there was any one in the crowd that sympathized with the other party it was not demonstrated during the contest. A complicated lawsuit is already in progress.

## CARPENTER'S EXCURSION.

Seven years ago Annie Dupell was married to Frank E. Carpenter, a young man who kept a butter store in Williamsburgh. The wedding took place on the 9th of September, the bride's birthday. She was nineteen years old; the husband was two years older, and for two years they ran the butter store successfully and happily. Then Mrs. Carpenter declared that her Frank was too bright to stay in the butter business, and must do something more worthy of him. Mr. Carpenter said he was not rich enough yet to give up selling butter; but his wife said that if he would only study to become a doctor she would work and see that the money was forthcoming.

Three years of hard work for Mrs. Carpenter, and then her husband graduated from the Long Island College Hospital a full-fledged doctor, and hung out his sign at 1,107 De Kalb avenue, in Brooklyn. His practice grew fast enough to meet all the wants of two youngsters who had appeared on the scene, and up to within a fortnight Mrs. Carpenter was much pleased with the result of her hard work. Then she wished that she had been satisfied to have Frank remain in the butter business and leave medicine alone.

It was all on account of Mrs. Mary Dwyer, a married woman who lives with her young son at her father's house, 495 Washington avenue. The Doctor, who was called to see her six weeks ago, visited her house for a month, and excited the interest of his wife by telling her how unfortunate the new patient was. She could speak German beautifully, and was a very fine musician, he said, but she was poor, and her ill health demanded a doctor's constant attention. This story aroused the sympathy of Mrs. Carpenter, so that in spite of her misgivings she could not refuse when her husband proposed that Mrs. Dwyer should come to their house to live, and teach music and German to the children in part payment for her board and medical attendance. Two weeks ago Mrs. Dwyer came, and there followed in her wake the following tale of adventure, which stirred up Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Poughkeepsie, New York, the Yorkville Police Court, and Police Justice White.

The trouble began when Mrs. Carpenter noticed that her husband was learning German much faster than the children were learning music, and it reached a climax when she thought she discovered positive evidence that her husband had forgotten all she had done for him and was deceiving her. Finally, the Doctor said he would have to go away for a little while, and Mrs. Carpenter told her mother that she feared the worst had come.

The Doctor's mother-in-law said she knew it had, but she meant that her daughter should have her rights, and told the young wife to trust to her. Then she went out, and returned before long with a bundle. Meanwhile the Doctor had been making preparations for his journey. Mrs. Dupell, the mother-in-law, called her daughter up stairs, and more preparations were begun. The big bundle was opened and Mrs. Du-

pell took out a complete mourning suit which she had borrowed from a friend. Next she hauled forth three black veils, which were fastened on Mrs. Carpenter's bonnet and made to hang down over her face. Then the mother and daughter looked out of the window until they saw the Doctor sailling gallantly forth with his satchel. Mrs. Carpenter grabbed herschel. Her mother whispered, "Stick to him wherever he goes," and watched her disappear down the street in pursuit of her husband. That truant glanced around him once or twice, and seeing no one but a lady all in black following him tripped gaily on his way, and climbed aboard a car leading to the Grand street ferry. He had never seen his wife in mourning, and so was not at all alarmed when she climbed aboard the car, too, and sat down behind him, with fire in her eye.

At Grand street he took the ferryboat for New York, and Mrs. Carpenter did the same. On the other side the Doctor jumped lightly ashore before the boat was made fast, and got a little start, so that when Mrs. Carpenter rushed out of the ferry-house she saw him on the platform of a car, which was just starting across town. Tightly seizing her black parasol, in the round handle of which a meditative wooden owl sat dozing, she waved it at the car and ran. The car kept going and she kept running, while the crowd gazed in amazement at the waving parasol and widow's weeds streaming in the wind. But after running a block her energy was rewarded, and she had the satisfaction of taking a seat where she could still gaze at her husband through the three thicknesses of her veil.

On the west side he left the car and walked down toward the steamer James W. Baldwin, which was waiting to carry people up the Hudson. The same eyes were on him all the way, and they soon had their reward. For as soon as the Doctor got to the boat, a woman with a very thick blue veil appeared with trunk checks in her hand, and kissed the Doctor as affectionately as she could through a blue veil. Mrs. Carpenter started forward, grasping the parasol in a way that endangered the wooden owl's existence. But she changed her mind before she reached the woman with the blue veil, and determined to take her mother's advice and follow. The Doctor boarded the steamboat with Mrs. Dwyer, whose face was back of the blue veil, and Mrs. Carpenter followed after them.

The Doctor bought two tickets for Rondout, and went with Mrs. Dwyer into stateroom 53. Mrs. Carpenter went to buy a ticket, and found that she had no money with her but the change which she had paid out in car fare. She sent for the captain of the boat, told him her story, and asked his advice. The captain hauled out a \$5 bill and advised her to keep right on. Then, becoming interested in the case, he gave her stateroom 50, right opposite her husband's, and gazed in admiration when Mrs. Carpenter brought out a chair and camped right down before No. 53. When the runaways went down to supper Mrs. Carpenter went down, storing up every word of gallantry from the Doctor, noting every glance of tenderness that was shot through the blue veil, squeezing her umbrella tighter and tighter, and making the owl's life a very hard one.

The runaways got out at Poughkeepsie and sent their baggage to the Hudson River Railroad depot, and then went to the Poughkeepsie Hotel, where they registered as F. Ross and lady. Mrs. Carpenter waited until they had gone to their rooms, and then went out and asked the police to please come and get them. "The police wouldn't," so Mrs. Carpenter got a room at the hotel and left word that she should be called when Mr. and Mrs. Ross were.

Seven o'clock in the morning found them all on board a fast train spinning back to New York, with Mrs. Carpenter sitting two seats back of her husband and his companion. The two appeared to think a great deal of each other, and at Tarrytown Mrs. Carpenter, who couldn't stand it any more, turned to a big man with a brown beard who sat back of her, and asked him to get her some policemen at Yonkers. The brown-bearded man said it was best not to depend on the Yonkers police, but that he would send a telegram to New York and get policemen who would be only too glad to arrest them for her. He did send a telegram, and when the Doctor got off a car one detective slapped him on the shoulder, saying, "I want you," while another detective looked after the blue-veiled lady, who seemed to want to faint. The Doctor angrily demanded what for, and was getting very indignant when a slender woman in black came up with a big brown-bearded man to back her. Out of the three thicknesses of crape came a voice which he knew well, and which showed a great deal of energy in telling him what kind of a man the owner of the voice thought he was. The Doctor asked his wife if she wanted to disgrace him, and she said she did. She said she would never hurt her eyes working all night and day for him again; and she drew answering indignation from underneath the blue veil by telling its owner, among other things, that she was old enough to be the Doctor's mother. Then all adjourned to the nearest police station, down under the railroad depot.

There Mrs. Dwyer said she was only thirty-three years old, and Mrs. Carpenter got awfully indignant, and stayed so, until they came face to face again in Justice White's Court in Fifty-seventh street. A big crowd was there, and enjoyed their arrival very much. The Doctor was small, with a boyish face, and struggling black moustache, which he twirled while he tried to look fierce. He told a man who asked him that he desired to say nothing at all, and when Mrs. Dwyer said she had something to tell, he said: "Hush, Mamie, I can make them sweat if they say anything about us," and so pacified her into silence. At last they were all in a row before Judge White, who looked very fierce and indignant. Mrs. Carpenter drew back her veil and showed a pretty face, very pale, with curly brown hair, and the biggest blue eyes that Justice White had ever seen. The Judge was anxious to see how beautiful a woman it was for whom the doctor had quitted such a pretty wife. But Mrs. Dwyer did not want to lift her veil until the Judge said she must. He was immediately sorry that he had said so. The wildest stretch of gallantry could not give to Mrs. Dwyer's appearance any milder term than positive homeliness. She looked quite as old as thirty-three, and her nose, which had been broken, bore painfully evident traces of the collision.

"What are you doing with that woman?" thundered the Judge, fiercer than ever.

The Doctor gazed straight into the Court's eye, and began:

"On the 24th of last month—"

"Don't go so far back," thundered the Judge. "Begin with yesterday."

The Doctor said he must go back to the 24th; he had a right to go back. But the Court differed with him, and told him that he might go back to a dungeon un-

till the next day at 3 o'clock. The Doctor was full of indignation, but the policeman didn't let him utter it. Mrs. Dwyer was indignant, too.

"I'm perfectly innocent, Judge," she said. "Can't I give bail?"

The Judge said she might, and the two were taken to the Grand Central police station again. Mrs. Carpenter went over to Brooklyn armed with a personal letter from Police Justice White to Police Justice Walsh, asking the latter to issue a writ to bring the Doctor over to Brooklyn, where his wife and mother-in-law will see about suing him for abandonment. Eloping is not a crime, and why Mrs. Dwyer was locked up is not clear. But she was locked up, and as no bail was offered, remained there all night with the Doctor, who did likewise, and grieved because of his wife's refusal to grant him a half-hour's interview. He says he is innocent, and tried to make it clear. It was not very clear. Every one admired Mrs. Carpenter, and the detective who escorted her to breakfast expressed the belief that she ought to wear a badge and be in the business, because her nerve was considerably superior to that of a lion.

## FROM POVERTY TO A LIFE OF SHAME.

On July 30 a handsome young woman dressed in deep black walked into the office of one of the Atlanta (Ga.) papers and offered the following advertisement for insertion:

"Mrs. Garret, the general travelling agent for the glove-fitting system of dress-cutting, is stopping at the Southern Hotel for a week, where she will be pleased to give lessons. By this system a child of twelve years can cut and fit a garment as well as a grown person."

The advertisement failed to attract business, and Mrs. Garret found herself in a strange city without friends or money. To render her situation more deplorable, she had with her a beautiful little daughter scarcely five years old. Unable to pay board at the hotel and determined not to beg, Mrs. Garret induced an acquaintance to secure a refuge for her little daughter in the Orphan's Home at Augusta. She then discarded her black dress and was received into the establishment of Kate Mullinix, on Fifth street. Mrs. Garret, when found by friends who interested themselves in her case, said:

"I had no other means of obtaining a living. My husband died some months ago, leaving me and my little girl penniless. I struggled hard to support us, but I was one of the unfortunates to whom work would not come."

The woman having expressed a determination to begin life anew, it is probable that employment will be found for her.

## THE CHINESE MASSACRE.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

A glance over the battle ground of Rock Springs, Wyoming, reveals the fact that many of the bullets fired at the fleeing Chinamen found their mark. Lying in the smouldering embers where Chinatown stood were ten charred trunks, while another, which had evidently been dragged from the ashes by hogs, was found in the sage brush near by. A search resulted in the finding of the bodies of five more Chinamen, killed by rifle shots while fleeing from their pursuers. All were placed in pine coffins and buried. Some six or eight others were found seriously wounded, and were cared for by the railroad officials. Reports from along the line of the railroad are to the effect that Chinamen have been arriving at small stations east and west of Rock Springs, and they say that a large number of the fugitives were wounded in the attack, and that many have perished in the hills. It is feared that no less than fifty lost their lives.

This trouble has been brewing for months. The contractors who run the mines have been importing Chinamen in large numbers and discharging white men, until over 600 Celestials were in their employ. It is said that mine bosses have favored the Chinamen to the detriment of the white miners, and it needed only a spark to kindle the flames. This was furnished by a quarrel between a party of Celestials and whites in mine No. 6, over their right to work in certain chamber. A fight ensued and the Chinamen were worsted, four of them being badly wounded, one of whom has since died. The white miners then came out, armed themselves with firearms and notified the men in the other three mines to come out.

Meantime all was excitement in Chinatown. The fire was hoisted as a warning, and the Chinese working in different parts of the camp fled to their quarters. The miners gathered on the front streets, about 100 of them armed with guns, revolvers, hatchets and knives, and proceeded toward Chinatown. Before reaching there they sent a committee of three to warn the Chinamen to leave in an hour. This they agreed to do, and started to pack up, but in about half an hour the white men became impatient and advanced upon the Chinese quarters, shouting and firing their guns into the air. Without offering resistance, the Chinese fled, with whatever they could snatch up, to the hills about a mile east of the town, the miners firing at them as they ran.

The miners then set fire to some of the houses, and soon eight or ten of the largest houses were in flames. Half choked with fire and smoke, numbers of Chinamen came rushing from the burning buildings, and with blankets and bed quilts over their heads, to protect themselves from stray rifle shots, they followed their retreating brothers into the hills at the top of their speed. A laundry in town was next visited, and the innocent inmates were shot dead. All the employees of the coal department of the railroad were ordered to leave town, which they did on the evening train. During the night all the Chinese houses in town, numbering nearly fifty, were burned to the ground. A number of Chinamen who were hiding fled from the burning buildings.

The miners are entirely unorganized in the crusade, and, although a large number of them are Knights of Labor, the move was not made under their directions. The miners have not been working since the riot. Business is almost suspended, and everything is quiet.

## COWHIDED THE WRONG MAN.

People at Unadilla, N. Y., have been on tiptoe of expectation since Aug. 28 to know what the Board of Education would do in the case of R. F. Sullivan, of Syracuse, who was appointed principal of the Academy and who was publicly cowhided by S. A. D. Hanchett, of New York. Mr. Hanchett called on Mr. Sullivan, at the Unadilla Hotel, where the latter was re-

siding with his wife, and after conversing with them the two men walked out. No sooner were they on the street than Mr. Hanchett drew a cowhide and severely chastised Mr. Sullivan, saying as he did so: "Take that, you rascal. You will not soon forget me."

Mr. Sullivan was called upon by the Board of Education for an explanation of the affair, and produced the following letter from Mr. Hanchett:

"MR. SULLIVAN—I sincerely regret my attack upon you at Unadilla on Saturday last. You are not the man I supposed you were, and meeting you while under the influence of intense excitement, caused by personal misfortune, which I erroneously attributed to you, I made the attack, which I bumbly apologize for.

S. A. D. HANCHETT.

"36 Platt street, New York, Sept. 1, 1885."

Next day the academy opened with Mr. Sullivan as principal.

## FIGHT IN A SYNAGOGUE.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

Montreal Hebrew circles are in a state of ferment. Aug. 29 was the day fixed for the annual meeting of the members of the German and Polish synagogue. This particular branch of the Hebrew community is large and influential, and owns a fine building on St. Constant street. The meeting is a marked event in the synagogue proceedings, and drew a large attendance. The chairman was a Mr. John Moss, a wealthy Hebrew, and the audience included the Jacobses, the Vinebergs, the Romours and other well-known Hebrew families. Nothing could have been further from the thoughts of such an orderly assemblage as an unseemly row.

The meeting was private, and each party tells a different story of the fracas. Mr. Moss had taken the chair, the usual formalities were gone through, and then Mr. Harris Vineberg, secretary of the meeting, was called upon to read the annual report, when a loud noise broke upon their ears from one portion of the room. The secretary is rather a diminutive man, with a weak voice, and the confusion was such that he could not be heard. This raised the ire of the eager listeners, but still the noise continued.

Mr. Solomon Goldstone, a pawnbroker, was the offending party. He entered the synagogue during the reading of the report, and began talking in a loud tone of voice. Mr. Jacobs, a senior member, hearing the disturbance, exclaimed, "Hush! Hush!" To be dictated to by one of the Jacobses was too much for Mr. Solomon Goldstone. Brandishing a portly walking stick, he rushed upon the unsuspecting Jacobs and struck him savagely on the head several times, breaking his hat and severely cutting his head. The other members of the congregation, who were enraged at the unseemly conduct, immediately rushed to Mr. Jacobs' rescue. His assailant was roughly handled, and amid the general fracas that ensued he was grabbed by several members and ejected from the synagogue. Mr. Jacobs had to be taken to his home on Brunswick street, and a doctor summoned. The medical man pronounced that he had received a severe nervous shock, and ordered him to remain in bed for some time.

Mr. Goldstone tells a different story. He says that he had hardly taken his seat when a person, whom he afterward learned was named Jacobs, came and sat right in front of him, and whenever there was the slightest noise in any part of the room would call out, always looking at Goldstone, and in tones, according to a dog: "Keep quiet, you." Goldstone took no notice of this at first, but some person near him began to speak, and then Jacobs, to use Goldstone's words, "jumped from his seat, bringing his right hand in the direction of my face in such a threatening manner that I, thinking he intended to assault me, immediately defended myself with a light cane which I carried. I struck him on the shoulder, and had hardly done so when forty or fifty of the Jacobs gang, who, I believe, had been waiting for the opportunity, rushed upon me like demons. Some took off their boots and hurled them at me. I got my back against a wall and kept them back until I was got out of the building by some gentlemen. I believe that the whole thing was got up to injure me in my business. They have been doing their best to injure me because I dared to do business as a pawnbroker without forming part of their clique. I have not finished with them yet, and will have some interesting disclosures to make in a few days."

## FIFTEEN THOUSAND" IN COLD CASH.

Frank M. Seares and Wm. G. Emery are now very comfortably situated for the winter. They smoke their Havanas with an independence born of contentment and ease of mind. The \$15,000 which they drew in the Louisiana State Lottery Drawing on the 11th of this month arrived yesterday, and is safely deposited in Mellon Bros. bank. The expense of collecting the money was \$85, and the business was transacted through the Mellon bank. The fortunate winners have taken a very sensible view of the matter, and will not hire a special train nor take up their residence in Paris. They will remain in Bismarck, and each has decided to build a cozy home. Mr. Seares will build on the lot which he now occupies, and Mr. Emery will erect a dwelling on a lot to be selected. The plans for these houses have already been drawn and work will be commenced at once. There are two happy husbands and two rejoicing wives in Bismarck who have good words for the Louisiana State Lottery. The money will be invested in the capital and its partial distribution among carpenters and laborers will be a permanent benefit to the city.—Bismarck (Dak.) Tribune, Aug. 29.

## A TERRIBLE CRIME.

Interest in the Kansas poisoning case, in which Mrs. Frankie Morris stands charged with murdering her mother, in order to secure an insurance of a few thousand dollars, has been intensified by the exhumation of the dead woman's body in order that further tests may be made. It is hard to believe that a woman would take the life of her own mother, but unfortunately history shows that love of money stifles all other affections, even the holiest and most sacred. This has been the case of sensations throughout. Mrs. Morris having been married since her conviction to the man on whose account her husband procured a divorce only a few months before the murder.

COURTNEY won his race after using one bottle of DUFFY MALT, the great nerve, bone and muscle food.

## BASEBALL.

The Merry Men who Decorate the Diamond Field--Their Sayings and Their Doings Frankly and Fairly Set Forth.



John W. Kelly, well known as an umpire, was born in this metropolis some twenty-nine years since. He once enjoyed an excellent reputation as a baseball player. He commenced his career as catcher with the Flyaway Club, of this city, in 1876. He has been catcher for the following clubs, viz.: The Athletics of Mansfield, Ohio; the Auburns, of Auburn, N. Y.; the Crickets, of Binghamton, N. Y.; the Manchesters, of Manchester, N. H.; the Stars, of Syracuse, N. Y., and the Troys, of Troy, N. Y. This proved to be about his last engagement as an active player, as his health was completely broken down. He is now, however, again in the enjoyment of good health. He was catcher for the Manchesters in their famous 24-inning game with the Harvard College team. During the early part of 1881 he organized and managed the New York Club. After that he umpired a few games. Then his services became and have ever since continued in great demand as an umpire. Few men have so well succeeded in giving universal satisfaction. His impartial, just and prompt decisions are highly respected. He is recognized as being thoroughly honest and conscientious. All know that he decides critical points to the best of his unbiased judgment, and without fear, favor or affection. For the past few years, and including the present season, he has been a leading and popular umpire of the American Association. Taken as a whole, and particularly as an umpire, his has been, and continues to be, a creditable and very enviable position in the baseball world.

**Lee** was hit so hard that Memphis let him slide.

**Jack Lynch** is rapidly losing his grip as a first-class pitcher.

**Wile**, of the Bostons, has been doing some tremendous slugging this year.

**The Brooklyns** lost a very good man when they let Greenwood slip through their fingers.

**Nash** and **Johnston**, late of the Virginias of the Eastern League, are proving a great acquisition to the Boston Club.

**When it came** right down to an actual choice **Tommy Poorman** took the cake and **Manning** got the grand bounce.

**Jack Chapman** was in the height of his glory when the **Buffaloes** ran away with the **Detroits** in four games out of five, recently, at Detroit.

**Lucas** has been obliged to take water on several occasions this year, and it now comes in the shape of restoring Baker to his old position.

**The Providence Club** are in a pretty shaky condition at present, and it is almost a dollar to a cent that they will not go on their final Western trip.

**Grady**, of the **Newarks**, is now off on leave of absence, nursing the latest addition to his family, a tender little baby on the end of his finger, the offspring of a baseball.

**Billy Barnie** didn't have any nerve when he fined **Frank Gardner** \$200 for an alleged drunk in Brooklyn, when Gardner was in reality only hiding behind a beer keg.

**The St. Louis League team** have been in hard luck this entire season, and **Lucas** is fairly heart-sick over his enterprise—which gave such bright promises in the spring.

**Bancroft** never gave up his heart's blood more reluctantly than when he was obliged to remit the \$50 fine on **Dalley**, upon the presentation of a physician's certificate.

**Cavenaugh**, of the **Macons**, in a recent game, declined to catch the ball in the absence of the catcher, and in consequence thereof caught a \$50 fine, with an extended vacation without pay.

**The Haverhills** have adopted League principles, and are paying their players' salaries in fines. Their latest dodge was to stick heavy fines on **Murphy** and **Hawkes** for alleged indifferent playing.

**For a long time** the American Association have been taking the cast-offs of the League, but now the tables are turned and **Lon Knight**, who is not good enough for the **Athletics**, looms up in the **Providence Club**.

**It has taken** some years of pretty hard fighting for the **Boston Club** management to get the better of their enterprising neighbors, who built high stands on the roofs of their houses, in their back yards, and, in fact, in every available place which commanded a view of the **Boston** grounds, but they have at last succeeded.

**The League** have at last come to their senses and rescinded a rule which should never have been adopted. The idea of making a man lay off for ten days, after having been bounced from a club with half a season's pay knocked off in fines before he could play with a club willing to give him a job, is the most absurd thing we ever heard of.

**The Springfield's** management have gone under, and they have shown their generosity by giving what was left to the boys, who will finish the season as a co-operative team, which means that they will play about one week together harmoniously before they begin biting at each other's noses and ears, as has been the case with all the other co-operative teams that have ever undertaken to pull together.

**If the Providence Club** cannot make money in any other way they will certainly make it by saving it. When **Shaw** and **Radford** drew their money, last pay day, they both dropped over in a dead faint when they found they had each been fined \$50 for being four seconds late one morning for practice. They were afraid to say a word, however, when they came to, for fear they would be suspended for the remainder of the season without pay, like poor **Paul Hines**.

**Billy Taylor** has a great habit, when he makes a home run, of ignoring the third baseman, and making straight for the home plate after touching second base, passing up by the pitcher's box, and paying his respects to the twirler of the sphere. Most of the umpires allowed this to be done as long as he passed to the right of the pitcher, but now, since he has commenced taking his turn between first and second, passing to the left of the pitcher, some of the umpires have soured on him, and on one occasion, recently, he was actually declared out for passing on the left of the pitcher.

## THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

There has been quite a change in the League championship race since the last issue of this paper. The **New Yorks** instead of being close upon the heels of the **Chicago Club** are now six games in the rear. Every one has expected a very close finish, and the interest has run so high that **Mr. H. F. Kennedy**, of 40 Broadway, a general passenger agent of the **Erie Railway Company**, has made arrangements to run a special train from New York to Chicago and back, with the rates fixed at a mere nominal rate for the round trip, to accommodate the great number of people who have expressed a desire to go on to see the final contests between the **New Yorks** and **Chicago**. While the **New Yorks** have been unfortunate in losing one or two games to the **Philadelphia** and **Boston** clubs, the general impression prevails that the **Chicago** will meet with a similar fate when they come against these two now powerful teams; in which case the decisive games for the championship will depend upon the result of the final series between the **New York** and **Chicago** clubs. The **Philadelphias** have been gaining rapidly upon the **Providence Club** within the past few days, and they will, no doubt, take third place away from them before the close of the season. The following tables show the result up to and including Sept. 7, viz.:

CLUBS.	Boston	Buffalo	Chicago	Detroit	New York	Philadelphia	Providence	St. Louis	Games Won
Boston.....	6	6	1	6	2	7	9	7	26
Buffalo.....	6	6	0	7	3	3	12	32	33
Chicago.....	11	16	15	2	10	7	11	7	73
Detroit.....	6	5	1	3	4	2	9	2	30
New York.....	12	10	9	9	11	10	9	7	48
Philadelphia.....	7	8	2	5	7	6	6	4	45
Providence.....	7	9	4	9	4	6	7	6	27
St. Louis.....	5	4	1	4	3	6	4	...	20
Games lost.....	54	53	18	58	21	48	42	61	300

## AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

The race for the championship of the American Association is rapidly drawing to a close. The **St. Louis Club** are away in the lead, and will win with the utmost ease—with hands down. The four **Western clubs** have been in the lead of the four **Eastern clubs** during the greater part of the season, and, in fact, are still in the lead. But the **Athletics**, of Philadelphia, are gaining so rapidly upon the **Louisvilles**, the hindmost of the **Western teams**, that it is believed they will surpass them in the next few days, as they are only three games behind. The fact is they are only seven games behind the **Pittsburghs**, who stand third, and if they have any luck at all they will secure that enviable position before the close of the season. The following table shows the complete record up to and including the games of Sept. 7, viz.:

CLUBS.	Athlet.	Baltimore	Brocklyn.	Cincinnat.	Louisville	Metropolit.	Pittsburg.	St. Louis.	Games Won
Athletic.....	10	4	5	5	11	7	3	2	45
Baltimore.....	6	7	6	5	5	2	3	1	35
Brooklyn.....	11	9	5	3	7	8	2	2	46
Cincinnati.....	7	6	5	3	8	10	9	5	45
Louisville.....	7	7	5	3	8	3	6	7	48
Metropolitan....	5	6	8	2	4	...	5	3	33
Pittsburg.....	5	9	10	7	10	5	6	6	52
St. Louis.....	9	11	9	10	9	9	10	...	67
Games lost.....	50	58	52	41	48	58	42	28	377

There is a fellow named **Synan** in Zanesville who has been shooting off his mouth at umpires for the last ten years. In fact, he never saw an umpire who could umpire impartially. His mouth is like the Housatonic tunnel, and when he lets fly about the umpire giving away the game he shakes the whole town more than an earthquake. Recently the **Zanesville Club** went to Richmond, Ind., and as a great many of the houses there are not very substantial, the citizens thought it would be policy to invite his tribe to umpire for fear he would kick the town over if some one else umpired, and the **Zanesvilles** lost. **Synan** felt the compliment, and he spread himself out for the finest display of impartial umpiring ever seen. He gave both clubs to understand that neither one would get any advantage over the other, as he intended to umpire just as all games should be umpired. On his very first decision he gave the **Zanesvilles** the worst roast they ever had in their lives. He saw the mistake he had made and tried to square himself on the next decision, which was so beastly rank that it caused all the Richmond people to drop off the benches, and so he went on right through the game making blunder after blunder, and trying to square up with even worse blunders. It was **Synan's** first attempt at umpiring, and it will doubtless be his last, for he went home that night, crawled through the keyhole and has not been seen since.

## KILLING A CROOK.

How the Texan Avenger Got in His Fine Work on Tom Davis.

[With Portrait and Illustrations.]

Two big-mouthed pistols on Coroner Levy's desk pointed at short range the other morning at the dense crowd in the inquest room. They belonged to the Texan, James H. Holland, who killed Tom Davis, and to his friend, John B. Hill. Theodore Davis had furnished to Howe & Hummel, his lawyers, a letter addressed to Holland on the day before the shooting to H. Woodward. The investigations make it appear that Woodward, instead of being a fictitious person supposed to be in league with the Texans, was a fictitious person supposed to stand behind the Davises in their illegal transactions, and on whom they were always ready to throw the responsibility if they should be suspected of crime. The letter is as follows:

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, New York, Aug. 30, 1885.  
H. Woodward, 128 West street, New York.

DEAR SIR—I left word for you to meet me at the Merchant Hotel with the proprietor of the saloon at One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street at 10 o'clock to-day. Mr. Johnson was there to see you. I was sick myself and could not come. We wanted to see you on strictly business. No doubt you think very strange of our actions in this business. But could you understand that I was there some years ago and bought some goods for a certain porter and he failed to express them as he would do. Why, when I came on this time I was suspicious also. But all I want now is to get the goods. I am willing to pay for them if I am sure they could get off in the express. I am satisfied now that you are willing to sell them and help us get them out of the city and that is all we want. We believe that you have been protecting yourselves and we have been trying to protect ourselves and have both given each other room to be suspicious. We are here on expense and are anxious to get back. Meet us at the Merchants Hotel at 11 o'clock to-morrow and we will go and trade with you. You can leave a man with one of us to see that but one goes, and we will pledge you our word and honor that we will do all we say and only one will attempt to go. We have come a long way to get these goods and would like to have them, believing that we can use them. We will be at the hotel at 11 and wait until one of you would like to see you there. We can better explain what you seem to be so afraid about. It seems that we are the ones to be afraid. Yours truly,

JAMES T. HOLLAND.

Cornelius Sullivan, a gray-haired patrolman, who wears five service stripes, testified that when he arrested Holland in the street he jerked his (Holland's) arms behind him and pulled up his vest. Sticking in the waistband of his trousers was a pistol. He pulled out the weapon and was astonished at its size. He took him to the sawdust-game den in Reade street and West Broadway and showed him Tom Davis lying on the floor. There seemed to be some signs of life left. Holland looked at the body and then asked me if he might sit down. He did not seem to be much affected. There were three discharged cartridges in the pistol.

Policeman George Walsh testified that he found in the clothing of the dead man \$54 in United States currency and \$44 in Canadian scrip. Besides the money he found a gold watch and a knife. The knife was open.

Theodore Davis ran his fingers through his great black whiskers as he stepped forward to the witness chair. The big diamond he had worn on Tuesday was missing. He testified that he placed on the desk in the office in which his brother was killed at 1:30 o'clock on Monday afternoon \$9,000 or \$10,000 of good money. It was distributed on the desk by a man named Butler, who sat there. He was supposed, Mr. Davis said, to be the brother of Mr. Woodward or Woodward, of whom the two Texans came on to buy counterfeit money.

The person the witness called Butler is Col. Butler, well known about town. He was the handshaker of the Davis confidence business—the man who went around to the hotels and interviewed the persons his superiors had allured to town.

"After I gave the money to Butler," the witness continued, "I went into another room, partly darkened. I had been there a few minutes when my brother entered with that man (Davis pointed at Holland). My brother said to Butler: 'Where is the old man?' (meaning Woodward). Butler answered: 'He's gone out.' 'Well,' said my brother to Butler, 'you can go now. But,' said my brother, stopping him, 'before you leave, tell me what this money for?' (indicating the \$10,000 on the desk) 'Oh, that,' said Butler, 'is to be sent to Myers in Georgia.' 'All right,' replied my brother. Butler then quitted the room. My brother dead to that man said: 'Sit down.'"

Davis' voice trembled. He seemed to like the accidental rhyme he had made.

"Whom do you mean by that man?"

"The man that killed my brother," Davis thundered.

"Holland, Johnson, or whatever his name is," the witness went on, "seated himself, and my brother and he counted the money. My brother put the money in a glazed bag, and locked it. As he sprung the clasp that man jumped up, threw down his chair, covered my brother with a pistol, and told him to hold his hands up. My brother tried to pacify him, and at the same time he put the bag down behind him on the desk. I pulled the bag through the false panel, and replaced it with one just like it filled with paper slips. I closed the panel, and then a pistol shot rang out and I heard a body fall."

Davis cried at this part of his recital.

"When did you first see Hill?" asked a juror.

"On last Thursday afternoon, in the office with my brother. I was in the dark room."

"Was Holland present?"

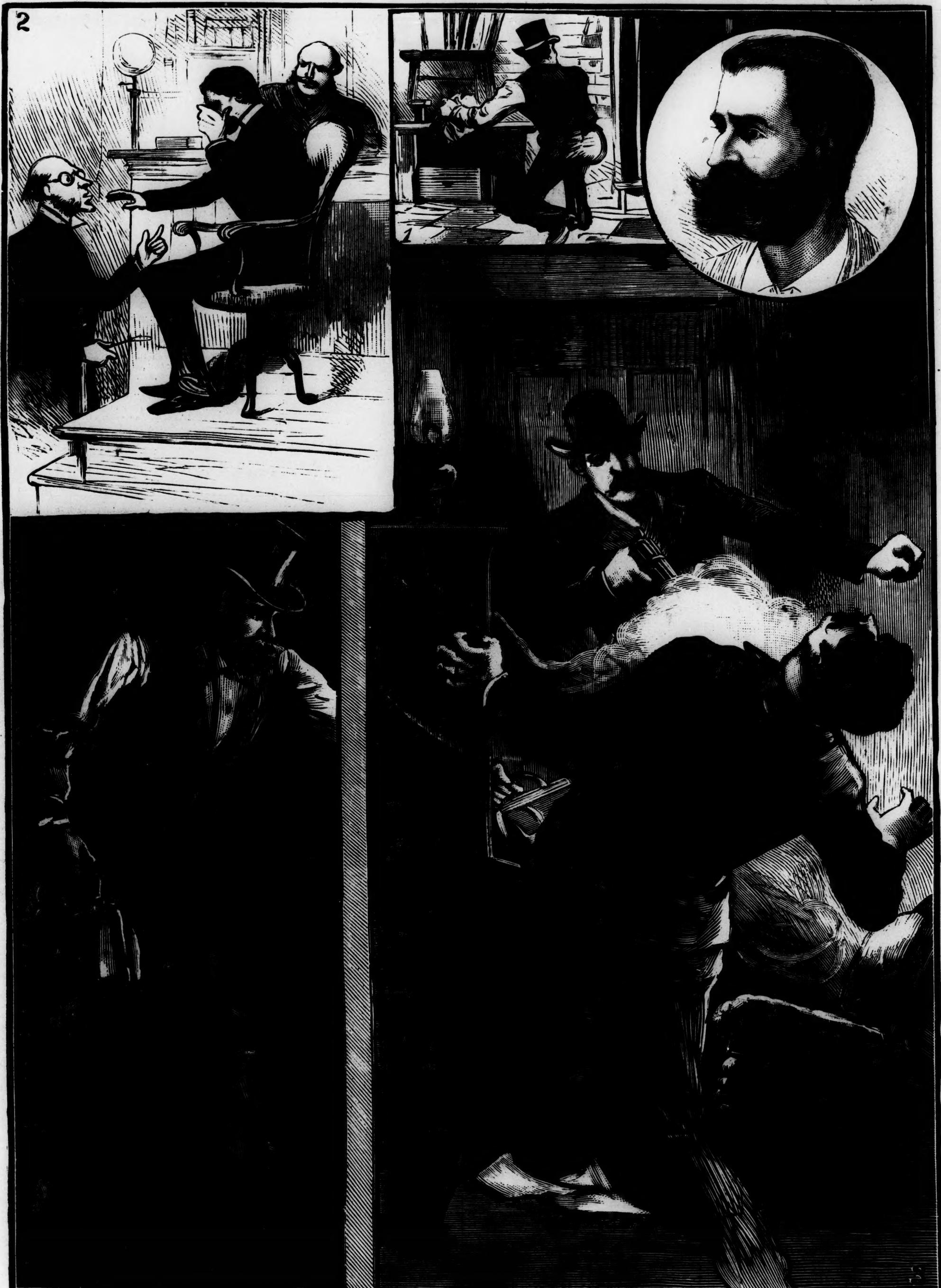
"No, sir. My brother interviewed only one man. The money he showed Hill was brand new money of the issue of 1880. Hill supposed it to be counterfeit money. Anybody who saw it in our hands would think it was, because it was clean, crisp money. Hill said he was satisfied with it. He told my brother he would like his partner to see it."

"Did you at any time see the two men together?"

"Not until yesterday morning at the Tombs Police Court."

"Who introduced Hill?"

"Butler brought

**THE COWBOY'S REVENGE.**

"TOM" DAVIS, THE SAWDUST KING, MEETS HIS DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A TEXAN.

I.—Theodore Davis Hiding the Bag of Money Under the Bootblack's Chair, with his Portrait. II.—Theodore Davis Weeping on the Stand. III.—Holland Shooting Tom Davis while the Bags were being Changed.



HACKLING THE HEATHEN.

THE MINERS OF WYOMING TERRITORY OBJECT TO CHEAP AND LEPROUS LABOR.



SHE LAID HIM OUT

THE ELEPHANT EMPRESS MAKES THINGS LIVELY FOR HER ATTENDANT IN PHILADELPHIA.



BAD SHEENIES.

THEY GET INTO A TERRIBLE FIGHT IN A MONTREAL SYNAGOGUE.

## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Aromatic Events of the Week.

Paddy Ryan is training near Prospect Park for his glove contest with John L. Sullivan on Sept. 15.

It is understood that Jack Gallagher will be in Denver in a few weeks and will challenge John P. Clow to fight to a finish for \$1,000.

George Campbell, of Cincinnati, deserves the popular vote of every sportsman for the successful way he brought off the Sullivan and McCaffrey glove contest at Chester Park, Clifton.

David Barnett, the middle-weight champion of Hot Springs, is anxious to meet any middle-weight at 150 pounds, for \$200 a side, within sixty days; fight to take place in the Hot Springs Valley, Ark.

John Moran, of Cincinnati, who is well known in England as a backer of Peter Morris, the once great English feather weight, who visited this country in 1867, is one of Sullivan's staunchest supporters.

Dick Stewart, light-weight champion of East Virginia, and Miss Hattie Stewart, champion female boxer of the world, will be in Denver in about three weeks, and make a tour of Colorado, giving boxing exhibitions.

If W. C. Tate, of Toledo, the referee in the Sullivan and McCaffrey glove contest, stated that Sullivan had the best of the contest at the conclusion of the affair it was a decision. According to sporting rules it stands; and he cannot reverse it.

In regard to Charley Mitchell's challenge, Dominick McCaffrey says: "I've licked him once, and so has Sullivan. The latter is a man I'm after, and we have got to settle it, and the sooner the better. I'm ready and willing to fight him three months, three weeks or three days hence."

A 6-round glove contest fought in private in Brooklyn the other night between Jim Woodhill, 141 pounds weight, and George McCrane, 137 pounds, a pupil of Mike Donovan, resulted in McCrane knocking Woodhill insensible in the third round, winning the fight. There were fifteen sports present. McCrane is a very clever boxer.

The stakes in the hard-glove contest between Patsy Slattery, of Rochester, and Billy Baker, of Buffalo, have not yet been paid over, owing to the fact that the stakeholder does not know who is entitled to them. The referee gave two decisions, first declaring Baker the winner, then awarding the stakes and contest to Slattery.

Sam Collyer, the veteran pugilist and ex-champion light-weight pugilist of America, will be tendered a testimonial benefit at Tom Tilden's, corner Boulevard and Eldert avenue, Rockaway Beach, L. I., on Saturday, Sept. 12. There will be boxing, wrestling, etc., and Collyer will have a 4-round glove contest with a well-known retired pugilist.

At Ottawa, Ont., on Sept. 2, a 6-round glove contest between Harry Gilmore, of Toronto, and Marcello Baker, of Boston, was decided and attracted a large crowd. Baker was afraid of Gilmore from the start, and would not use the small set of gloves provided by the Toronto men. The Chief of Police was on the stage during the fight, and warned the men not to sing. Gilmore won as he pleased, punishing Baker severely.

A prize fight with hard gloves has been arranged to come off within the next two weeks between John W. Fallon, champion amateur heavy-weight, and Alf Powers. The managers are Mike Donovan and Mike Cleary. Fallon is from Flatbush, is eighteen years old, stands 5 feet 11 inches high, and weighs 185 pounds. Powers is from Williamsburgh, is twenty-six years old, 5 feet 9 inches high, and weighs 165 pounds.

If the municipal authorities of New York, Philadelphia, New Jersey, Pittsburgh and Boston would just consider what a large amount of business a glove contest between Sullivan and some second or third-class boxer brings to a city they would not prevent such exhibitions. The recent glove contests between Sullivan and McCaffrey, in spite of the fact that many supposed it would not take place, brought 20,000 strangers to Cincinnati, and hotels, saloons and all kinds of business reaped a harvest.

Recently Ed. McKeown, of Winnipeg, and Jack O'Keeffe, of Ohio, met in a fight to a finish at the Theatre Comique, Grand Forks, Dak. In the first round McKeown broke O'Keeffe's nose and otherwise inflicted telling injuries. In the second round O'Keeffe was wholly outfought, and declined to continue, being terribly punished. The fight was given to McKeown, who won the \$400 held by the stakeholder for their intended fight in Winnipeg, which was prevented by the authorities there.

On Sept. 1 Tom McAlpine's boxing combination appeared at Dayton, Ohio. The combination includes McAlpine, Jim Foll, champion of Canada, who knocked out Buck Fogg, of Troy, in 4 minutes with soft gloves; Paddy Norton, light-weight champion of Michigan; Jim Faulkner, champion wrestler at 140 pounds. The following is on the programmes: "Twenty-five dollars to any man who stands up and spars the star boxer of Tom McAlpine's Champion Sporting Athletic Club; also \$25 to any wrestler who can win one fall, catch-as-catch-can, in 30 minutes."

The glove contest between John L. Sullivan and Dominick McCaffrey was a big success financially. The correspondent of this paper writes under the 31st ultimo that Sullivan's representative was paid \$5,681.60 in clean, crisp bank notes, and Sullivan expects to start back to Boston immediately. This was 60 per cent. of the gross receipts, and left nothing for McCaffrey. Referee Tate has reaffirmed his decision that Sullivan won the contest over McCaffrey at Cincinnati, on the ground that the authorities had forbidden a knock-out or slugging, and it was understood the affair was simply a boxing exhibition, and he decided on points.

In San Francisco, on Aug. 6, Judge Rix rendered his decision in the case of Jack Dempsey, T. McCormack, Tom Cleary, Pat Coli and Charles Taylor, who took part in the Cleary-Carr glove contest at the Mechanics Pavilion. The Judge said that it was contended that the fight was only a play, but he was convinced that both the spirit and the letter of the law had been violated. The purpose of the law was to stop contests of that kind for wagers, and it had been shown that this fight was for money. It was ordered that the defendants be held to answer in the Superior Court, and that the ball in each case be fixed at \$1,000.

The following explains itself:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Aug. 23.

To the Sporting Editor:

Sir—I see in a recent issue of your paper that Billy Manning made me quit in 3 rounds. It is not true. We did not fight 3 rounds, and I had the fight won three different times according to the rules. The fight was similar to the Carr and Cleary fight. I broke my hand in the first round and I had to leave the ring with the pain. Please state that I will give Manning the whole gate receipts if he stands before me 4 rounds, with or without gloves.

TOM KELLY, ex-Champion of the Pacific Coast.

P. H. McHugh, the famous pugilist, who for the past year and a half has been at Fon du Lac, Wis., states that he was not defeated in his recent battle with Finan at Manitowoc. He says the referee declared him the winner after 18 rounds had been fought, but after he had left the referee declared Finan the winner. McHugh says: "I was setting up the wine to some of my friends, on the victory I had achieved, when the news was brought to me that the referee had flopped on his ruling. I couldn't do anything about it, as Finan is quite a big gun there, being an alderman, and has one hundred relatives, more or less, residing in that city. Finan and his friends sent over the wires the report that was generally published to the effect that he whipped me; but it is not true."

At Des Moines, Iowa, recently, there was a rattling glove contest between Jack Burke and Mike Haley. Burke had issued a challenge offering \$250 to any man who would stand up before him 4 rounds without being knocked out. This proposition Haley accepted, but to relieve the apprehension of the reader it is here stated that Mr. Haley failed to carry off the money. This round was fought with hard gloves. When time was called Haley came to the scratch with evident reluctance, and apparent lack of confidence. Burke forced the contest, crowding Haley off near the wing, and utilizing an opportunity, landed a powerful blow on the jaw of his opponent, knocking him down. Haley came

to time in good shape, but would only rise to go down in a moment. He possesses great courage and remarkable pluck, but on hunting grass the fifth time he failed to rise within the 10 seconds allotted for a knock-down, and Burke was declared the winner. Haley reeled into the wing, his second supporting him, at the finish.

John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, arrived in Boston on Sept. 3 and was met by thousands of his admirers. In an interview the champion says: "McCaffrey didn't stand up to me a single round, and the fight was no fight at all. I followed him all over the platform trying to get at him. McCaffrey was knocked out in the second and third rounds, and did not come up when time was called—not until after a minute had passed. The referee didn't give me the fight then because he was afraid of the mob. In the third round McCaffrey was lifted to his feet by Billy O'Brien, and he clung to my neck like a baby throughout the round. Several times he tried to throw me by catching me about the legs. I don't see where McCaffrey gets his admirers. All the toughs of the West shouted themselves horse for him. During the fight McCaffrey's brother jumped on the stage, and, pulling a revolver, said: 'Sullivan, if you hit my brother I will blow your brains out.' The referee was scared out of his boots and didn't dare to interfere. I shan't pay any more attention to newspaper talk, but if McCaffrey wants to meet me I will fight him in private, and will bet \$5,000 to \$3,000 that I will knock him out in 4 rounds."

Prof. Hawley, the well-known pugilist, and Mike Haley had a spirited glove contest at Foster's, Des Moines, Iowa, on Aug. 27. Chas. E. Davies was referee and Jack Burke was timekeeper. Time being called, both came to the front in splendid shape, and indulged in some considerable quiet figuring before venturing the opening snap. When, however, business did open, it was done in back and forth order, with a polished science on Hawley's part, and a vehement get-there-itiveness by Haley, which held the audience almost motionless with interest. Hawley seemed to have located his special work to play on Haley's neck, while with the latter Hawley's belt was the objective point, and indeed it was too much of an objective point when in full view of the entire audience he struck Hawley two blows considerably below the belt. The contest throughout was one of the most evenly fought affairs that ever old sports in the room said that he witnessed for years. While Haley has remarkable "staying" powers and can give heavy punishment, yet while Hawley standing his own with equal ease to that of his opponent, displayed in our judgment a far higher order of skill and real art in his work than has ever before been seen in Des Moines. The referee decided the contest a draw one, and the audience left with almost unanimous feeling and expression of satisfaction with the decision.

The recent glove contest between Sullivan and McCaffrey has been the topic of conversation in sporting circles ever since the rivals met in the ring at Cincinnati. The admirers of McCaffrey claim a victory and Sullivan's admirers also claim that McCaffrey never had the ghost of a show. It does not matter about anybody's opinion, the referee, selected by both men, decided Sullivan the winner and he received the winner's share of the gate receipts, which should settle all arguments. McCaffrey is a scientific gentleman boxer but he is not Sullivan's equal as a pugilist, the latter being more muscular, stronger, heavier, and able to hit harder. All the Philadelphia pugilist can do is to accept defeat, for the referee's decision settled that question, and on some future day try again. It is no disgrace to be defeated by a pugilist of Sullivan's fame, a man who has conquered every one he has ever met, and yet he was never properly prepared for a glove encounter. In his great match with Paddy Ryan he was nearly up to the mark but not in as good condition as he should have been. Sullivan is ready to meet all comers in a contest with small gloves and there is not the least doubt that he will give McCaffrey another opportunity after he meets his quandam opponent Paddy Ryan. The recent contest is still being discussed, and we have received letter upon letter about the affair. Many suppose that at the end of the sixth round in the Sullivan and McCaffrey glove contest, that the latter offered to continue and that Sullivan refused. After the sixth round when it was proposed to continue another round, Sullivan's seconds asked him if he would box another round, Sullivan said: "I'll fight him one hundred if he chooses." But McCaffrey was dressing and an old-time wrangle stopped any further discussion.

At the Athletic Club Rooms, Muskegon, Mich., Aug. 29, over two hundred sports, including delegations from Grand Rapids, Big Rapids and other towns in Western Michigan, witnessed one of the greatest and most determined glove fights ever fought in Michigan. The contest was between Jack Sterling, of Muskegon, (220 pounds), and Tom Kinnard, of Grand Rapids (205 pounds), for \$100 a side, the winner to take the total gate receipts. Kinnard was seconded by his trainer Tom O'Donnell, of Grand Rapids. Frank Treat, of Muskegon, acting in a like capacity for Sterling. Fred. Daley, of Grand Rapids, was selected to act the unenviable position of referee. Charlie Shanahan and Ed. O'Donnell, timekeepers.

ROUND 1—At the call of time both men sprang nimbly from their corners, Kinnard showing in fine form. Sterling entirely too beefy, and should have weighed 30 pounds less to be in shape. Both men sparred cautiously for nearly 2 minutes, when Kinnard got in a light one on the ribs. Sterling on the breast, some light flogging, followed by some heavy exchanges, Kinnard drawing first blood, the ruby trickling down Sterling's left cheek when time was called.

2—Both men were prompt to the scratch, Kinnard looking vicious, and immediately landed a heavy one with the left on the stomach and the right on the neck. Sterling getting in on the mouth and ribs. Heavy slugging followed to the end of the round, both contestants.

3 AND 5—Sparring for wind. Sterling's breathing apparatus out of repair. Kinnard's right arm injured. Sterling received a smasher on the neck in the hit which sent him to the floor. Sterling had the best of it in both rounds.

6—Both men delivered terrific blows in this round, Sterling receiving four clean knock-down hits and Kinnard one. Kinnard struck Sterling a severe blow on the jaw whilst the latter was not on his hands and knees. Foul claimed by Sterling's second but not allowed. Fighting resumed, both raining heavy blows on each other fast and vicious, and with telling effect, until time was called. This round was decidedly in Kinnard's favor, several of Sterling's friends asserting that the round occupied 6 minutes, and that the timekeepers acted unfairly, as their man was terribly beaten.

SEVENTH TO THIRTEENTH—Sterling surprised the spectators by renewing the fight vigorously, getting in a couple of heavy ribbers in the seventh round, which appeared to distress Kinnard, who now acted entirely on the defensive. Sterling, too weak, however, to follow up his advantage. A few light ones received and given until the eleventh round. Sterling planted three hot ones on Kinnard's jaw, neck and breast; also a smasher in the twelfth round on his nose without a return, at which the Grand Rapids' supporters began to look blue. The thirteenth round was slightly in favor of Kinnard, who now got his second wind.

14—Kinnard forced the fighting, gaining three clean knock-downs by heavy right-handers on Sterling's left jaw and neck. The latter battled bravely, but too weak to be effective. Sterling fought to the ropes, to which he clung, Kinnard using both right and left with energy and precision. Foul claimed for Sterling, being struck while resting against the ropes, but not allowed. At the conclusion of this round Sterling was supported to his corner terribly punishes.

15—Sterling advanced promptly on call of time. Kinnard, anxious to finish his adversary, rushed his man and slugged heavily with his right on the jaw, left on body, knocking Sterling all of a heap. Sterling up again and renewed the fight, only to be cruelly punished and fought down to his corner. At the close of the round received a smasher under the left ear, knocking him senseless.

It was some four or five minutes before the poor fellow came to his senses. He recognized his backer and asked him, "Did I win the fight, Dick?" He was answered in the affirmative and replied, "I know I would."

Sterling has proved himself as game as a pebble, and has numerous friends who believe that with proper training and handling he can beat Kinnard. Negotiations are now in progress to bring on a match between Wyman, of Alpena, and Kinnard. The latter is very clever, a hard hitter, and will make it interesting for the Alpena man, or any other "big 'un" that he meets in the magic circle.

We will consider it a favor of admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.

## SPORTING NEWS.

*It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.*

Billy Madden is doing a first-class business at his new saloon, Athletic Hall, 210 Bowery.

Daniel O'Leary is trying all he can to arrange a 6-day heel-and-toe walking match with E. P. Weston.

The Orange Lawn Tennis Club will hold an open tennis tournament on its grounds at Montrose, N. J., on Sept. 23, 24 and 25.

A fireman's tournament will be held at Hornellsville, N. Y., the 16th. Hose races and foot races will be the attractions for liberal prizes.

At Belleville, Ont., a match race for \$200 a side will shortly be run between Mr. Hostage's horse Gen. Middleton and Mr. Corby's horse Jim.

Nelson Bros., Katonah, Westchester Co., N. Y., have bred their br. mare Carrie Medium, 2:27½ (trial in 2:21½ over Fleetwood), to Artillery, 2:21½.

The Directors of the National Rifle Association have determined that hereafter Creedmoor Range should be open to all comers for practice, doing away with the \$2 fee.

Five hundred dollars is offered in prizes by the managers of the County Fair, to be held at Elmira, N. Y., on the 23d, 24th and 25th, for hose races for bone-jids hose companies.

Fred. Vokes, of Pontefract, Eng., alias Fred. Hurst, will shortly return to this country. Will he bring back his back? That he will be borrowed at Cincinnati and forgot to return to him?

Articles of agreement have been signed for 3-mile single scull race between Edward Hanlan and John Teemer for \$1,000 a side and the championship. The race is to be rowed on Oct. 24.

Matsuda Sorakichi and Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish champion athlete, have been matched to wrestle a mixed match, Grecian-Roman, catch-as-catch-can and Japanese style for \$200 a side.

A coming man on the racing path is said to be Albert E. Sharp, of Buffalo, who can do his mile well down among the 40's. He is but seventeen years of age, is 5 feet 1 inch tall, and rides a 55-inch.

John Hart, of Philadelphia, and John O'Grady, of Scranton, are to wrestle catch-as-catch-can, best two in three falls, for \$200 a side, at Washington Hall, Scranton, on Sept. 14. F. P. Tierney is final stakeholder.

P. Furnival, of London, Eng., is eighteen years of age, though he looks much older. He is a medical student, and after the races will visit Niagara, Chicago, New York and then return to his studies in October.

At Chicago, on Aug. 3, E. J. Baldwin's Rapido won the Dearborn handicap, after a very close race with Tipsey, a success that was surprising considering that he had only just arrived from Saratoga, having been 49 hours in the cars.

Monday, Aug. 31, Buffalo's champion sculler, James Griffin, defeated Jacob West, of Pittsburg, Pa., in a 3-mile race at Lake Chautauqua in 21:35, with several seconds to spare. Griffin would be pleased to row Hosmer or Joe Stanton, of Toronto.

Morris & Patton's Bersan's victory in the Twin Handicaps, ran at Sheephead Bay race track on Sept. 1, proves him to be the best three-year-old of 1885. He was this paper's tip early last winter to win the Kentucky Derby, and he only lost by a fluke.

L. E. Myers, the sprinter, who returned to New York Sunday, came home much richer in prizes than when he left for England. During his trip he won twenty-four first prizes, five second prizes and a third, taking every race in which he entered on equal terms.

John Bergen won the 50-mile bicycle race given by the Mountaineer wheelmen at Red Bank, N. J., on Sept. 3. John Mount, second, Frick, third. Time, 3 hours 51 minutes 45 seconds. The condition of the roads and a fresh head wind from the east, the time was remarkable.

On Sept. 5 the eight-oared shell race between the Palisades, of Yonkers, and the Nassau, of Harrison, was rowed at Yonkers, N. Y. The distance was a mile and half, straightaway. The Nassau won the race with ease, distancing the Palisades, Time, 9 minutes 20 seconds. Palisades, 9 minutes 38 seconds.

The New York Athletic Club has postponed its championship meeting until Sept. 30, to give the Irish athletic team, which will sail for this country on Sept. 11, a chance to compete. The team includes Owen Hartie and W. J. Barry, noted hammer and shot throwers, and other amateurs well known in Ireland.

Sporting men who witnessed the glove contest between McCaffrey and Sullivan at Chester Park, Cincinnati, claim, without exception, that McCaffrey is no match for Sullivan on hitting or sparring, though quicker on his feet and able to keep away from that big right smasher. As to what would happen should the two men fight a dozen or more rounds opinions differ.

Three brothers of Wiltshire, Eng., propose a novel idea. They challenge any three brothers in the world to engage in various rifle matches, and to compete in the following races: Private King to run his opponents 1 mile. Sergeant King to walk 1 mile, and Sergeant J. King to run half a mile, each 3 yards in a race to score one point, and the brother scoring the highest number of points to win.

At Wellsville, N. Y., on Sept. 15, will occur the State horse race for the diamond championship badge, won by the silver team of that place at the recent race at Syracuse. Teams have given the badge twice before becoming owners, and each team challenging holders have to deposit \$100 before the race. The following teams will compete at Wellsville: Maple City horse, Hornellsville; Emerald horse, Cortland; Serviss horse, Amsterdam, and the Albany team.

## THE REFEREE.

## His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

**It is my opinion** Pierre Lorillard's Wanda is one of the greatest three-year-olds on the turf. On Sept. 4, at the Coney Island Jockey Club, she started in the Second stakes, 1½ miles, for three-year-olds, with penalties and allowances.

Wanda had to carry 123 pounds, and she was so penalized that she had to give Richmond, St. Augustine, Favor and East Lynne each 7 pounds, Hidalgo 12 pounds, and Longview 22 pounds.

She ran a great race, Haggins' California horse Hidalgo just beating her in the last stride by a short head, with Longview a length back.

It was only a defeat in the matter of money lost and it was no disgrace.

I think it will puzzle a good many of the knowing ones to name a better performance for a three-year-old filly, considering the weight carried and the time made.

Richmond, whose performances have stamped him a good colt, was beaten off, as also were Favor, St. Augustine and East Lynne, the last named of which, at Monmouth Park, at a difference of 7 pounds, ran Wanda a dead heat at 1½ miles, and was only beaten by a head in the run off.

The time, 3:09 1-2, was not as good as Lousiette's last year, when, with 110 pounds, she won in 3:07 1-2. The stake was previously won by Geo. Kinney in 3:09; by Tom Plunkett (now Herbert) in 3:11 1-2, and by Crickmore in 3:03 1-2, when it was a handicap, the winner carrying only 111 pounds to Hindoo's 123. Value of the stake to the winner, \$3,375.

I am sure the many admirers of the Chicago and New York Baseball clubs, and those who have taken a decided interest in the interesting struggle between these rival baseball teams, to gain the championship, will rejoice when they learn that the club winning the League championship is to be presented with an elegant baseball championship trophy by Richard K. Fox.

I understand on Sept. 4 Richard K. Fox cabled from Paris that he would present a trophy of great value to the victorious team.

If the Chicago team won that he would present it in person to the club in some large hall or theatre in Chicago and if the New York team won he would make the presentation in Madison Square Garden.

The trophy is on exhibition in this office, and everyone visiting New York can call and see it, for it is well worth looking at, and there is no baseball championship emblem like it in the world.

In America the name of steeplechasing is a ridiculous misnomer as the so-called sport is seen at the flat racing centers and it is horribly dangerous.

Racing weeds and cast-offs with 100-pound boys up do not constitute steeplechasers.

It is no use for the numerous racing associations to be stringent about crooked racing, owners, jockeys and public speculators will scheme and concoct plots to catch—if not the bookmakers—the betting public's money.

In my mind racing is given and conducted for the improvement of the horses of the country, and I can see no benefit in 1,000-yard races for all ages.

The crookedness of jockeys deserves summary punishment and it is refreshing to see the racing associations take action on all cases that have not the right complexion.

The life and prestige of the turf depend on the prompt punishment of fraud. The management of the association should be on the alert.

Now, in my opinion, the great point in Mortemers' get is their superb action, for they do not labor when they run and there is no excessive knee action, and they bound or gallop over the ground without exertion.

I think this feature alone will assist them to outrun many of their opponents.

I have made up my mind that these 4-round glove contests will always end with great dissatisfaction unless one or the other of the contestants is beaten, and with the exception of John L. Sullivan there are few pugilists who can win in four rounds.

Day after day pugilism and boxing are becoming more popular and the highest and lowest of the social world flock to see two redoubtable champions face each other with the fists and unprotected well-trained bodies.

I am deadly opposed to the system of 5-furlong races and I do not think any racing association should give purses for races at that distance.

It is well enough to run 5-furlong races with two-year-olds, but three-year-olds and upwards who cannot run a long distance in the fall should be sent to some other service.

The position of a referee in a boat-race, foot-race or a wrestling match is an unthankful one, but in a glove contest between two pugilists with a host of backers who have wagered money on their respective favorites, it is very responsible, and only one man out of ten would accept the position.

Any person may assume the great responsibility of being referee, but not more than one in twenty is competent to fill the position.

A referee should have just as much compunction and reserve as a man filling the position of one of twelve jurymen.

He should look upon the contest, and study the hits, counters and conditions of the pugilists with the same cool, judicial temper exhibited by a judge of the Supreme Court at the end of an important trial.

He should be thoroughly versed both in London prize ring and Queensbury rules—not favor one contestant, because his sympathies lie with either the pugilist, his friends or backers, but decide strictly on the merits of the contest.

He should not allow the plaudits of the crowd to change his judgment, but decide on the merits of the case irrespective of friend or foe.

By the way, Sullivan still means to be the king pin in the pugilistic world. In a recent interview he says: "I could whip all the would-be champion fighters in a punch. There is no money in training and fighting for \$2,500 a side, and I don't believe there is ever one pugilist in the world that could find backers to find that amount if I agreed to fight them, unless Richard K. Fox agreed to back them. Let some sporting man produce a pugilist to match against me for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, to fight with small gloves, so that I will not run the risk of going to the penitentiary, then the sporting public will find out whether I have retired and who is the champion. Any pugilist looking for notoriety can send a challenge to a local paper for publication. But what does it all amount to? Nothing but an advertisement for

some would-be champion who is anxious to make the public believe he is a fighter. If a pugilist means fighting, he will not run around the corner to arrange a match, but put up his money with Richard K. Fox, and name a day to meet and sign articles. I shall pay no attention to challenges published in local papers, but if any pugilist thinks he can down me, whether I am the champion or not, all they have to do is to deposit \$1,000 forfeit and I will meet any man in the world for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side. I will not fight for less for there is no money in it." Sullivan's theory is a good, sensible one, and every sporting man will say so.

If a pugilist is eager to arrange a match to fight he will not hesitate to put up his money and clinch the argument at once by signing articles.

The question has often been debated whether physical and mental development can be made to keep pace with each other. *Mens sana in corpore sano* (a sound mind is a sound body) settles that question, for it is no less old than true.

The importance of health first and over all intellectual qualifications is no longer a subject of discussion, such a question is not raised any more except by cranks who have outlived their usefulness.

In all the leading institutions of learning bodily exercise is encouraged, and instructors are employed to guide the beginner in a course of systematic gradually developing practices tending to uniform development of the body.

In Europe, and in Germany more particularly, there are but few schools to be found in which physical training is not given its full share of attention.

In fact, in nearly all the schools in Germany, the regular calisthenics and the other exercises are compulsory in the female line as well as the male departments.

In the colleges in all countries many of the useless branches, such as dead languages, etc., which are of no earthly good to one in a hundred, are now lopped off and the time is given to the gymnasium, ball-field and rowing, and a wholesome and necessary change it is.

I believe at the breeders' meeting to be held at Chicago on Sept. 26 and 27 all the crack five-year-old trotters will be entered.

Among them are Early Dawn, Hinda Rose, Sallie Benton, Elvira, Judge Lindsay, Fugue and Oliver K.

It is to be regretted that Epaulat and Guy were not entered, for then the contest would indeed have decided the five-year-old championship; but even with them out there is material for a close and determined battle.

I think it is wonderful the progress that has been made in racing in the last few years and the rapid increase in the value of the stakes and purses.

I am sure this is not the season of the year for turf statistics, but for my own satisfaction and for the benefit of the readers of this paper I have gone over the entire racing calendar from the beginning of the year up to July 4, and find the value of stakes and purses foot up to \$496,753.

I also find that the get of twelve sires have up to that date each won \$8,000.

The sires are King Alfonso, Ten Broeck, Grinstead, Virgil, Pat Malley, Billet, Great Tom, Longfellow, Enquirer, War Dance, Spendthrift and Glengarig.

The racing since has added greatly to the winnings of some of these sires, and the amounts would be increased but the standing would be hardly altered much.

After all the two-year-old stakes that have been run there is no two-year-old this season who can be pronounced a wonder.

With the exception of Bankrupt, no two-year-old has won any number of consecutive stakes, as the great Hindoo, Sensation and Spendthrift did in their years, and the three-year-old events have been well distributed all around from California to New York.

No Duke of Magenta or Harry Bassett has swept the platter. Joe Cotton has run in and out, and Biersan and Volante have done the same, while the form of all the others shows a wonderful lack of quality which should enable them to be called first-class or even first class second-rate race-horses.

I have been informed that the black stallion Director, by Dictator, dam Dolly, record 2:17, is to be trained this Fall for trotting purposes.

The brown mare Amelia C., by Dexter Bradford, record 2:18 1-2, and formerly handled by James Dongrey, has been sold for \$8,000, and is to go to Italy.

I understand that a woman has asked the Belgian Jockey Club to let her ride her own horses in their races. What next?

It is hard nowadays to find when a race-horse comes to the post whether he is bought for the money or not, especially in selling races.

Trotting kings cost small fortunes, and yet one day may end their career.

Recently Joe Bunker, by George Wilkes, while working on the track, broke down in one of his hind legs.

Bunker had trotted a mile in 3:19 1-4 and was a horse of great promise.

Judging from the performance of the Australian race-horse Commotion, the climate of that country is well suited for the production of speed and endurance.

Commotion is the winner of a 3-mile race in Australia in 5 minutes 26 seconds, carrying 126 pounds, a performance never before equalled. His sire was the English horse Panic.

The ring at Saratoga gave the boys a big dose of medicine on Joe Cotton and Favre in the race for the Saratoga cup. Favre was favorite even with the field. Cotton was second choice.

The ring tipped the proprietors of all the pool-rooms to play Cotton, which made many plunge, and the buyers for the ring bought pools and backed the books on Irish Pat.

The "Daily News" on July 31, published the following: Jack Forbes, of Woodstock, Can., does not appear to have much luck with his racing stable at Saratoga.

He has started George L., by Vigil, numerous times, but has failed to win a race.

Forbes formerly owned Bill Bruce, and he was started in race after race until he was lightly handicapped, and then he would win in a gallop and pay 10 for 1.

George L. is not such a stayer as Bill Bruce, but "some day" he will break the pool box, and that will be just when Forbes wants him to win.

On the same day the above notice appeared, George L. won a race at Saratoga, beating Blanton, Compensation and other horses.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

H. M., Boston.—No.

F. H., Tonolo, Ind.—Yes.

A. H., Misouri.—A wins.

L., Denver, Col.—No record.

T. and I., Buffalo, N. Y.—Yes.

E. W., New York City.—Yes.

J. P. H., Wingate, N. M.—No.

E. D. M., Butte City.—A wins.

W. W., Rochester, N. Y.—Yes.

W. S., Bridgeport, Conn.—No.

J. G. K., New York.—C is right.

G. W., New London, Ohio.—You win.

D. G., Philadelphia.—Over the ropes.

G. A. J., Braceville, Ill.—Thanks for items.

F. B. H., Des Moines, Iowa.—Thanks for item.

W. H. N., Buffalo, N. Y.—Have sent you the letter.

P. S. L., New York.—Bill Poole weighed 162 pounds.

W. M., Altoona, Pa.—Neither wins. The bet is a draw.

J. E.—New York.—Yes, and Sullivan knocked him out.

D. J., Bellfontaine, Ohio.—See answer to J. K. in this issue.

G. O. Z., Newark, N. J.—He claims he worked for Snedeker.

J. D., Lisbon, Ill.—The subject is not important enough to use.

F. E., Jr.—Lafayette, Ind.—The Field and the Sporting Life.

J. J. D., Chicago.—I. Five sines beat everything at Poker dice. 2. No.

T. M., Boston Highlands.—B wins. The New York Herald was correct.

M. C., Woonsocket, R. I.—I. Joe Acton. 2. He resides in Philadelphia.

J. J. F., Islip, L. I.—Send \$5 and we will procure you a set. Set disc.

CONSTANT READER, Dover Canal, Ohio.—It is a conundrum we cannot solve.

A. T. C., Niroqua, Wis.—Send \$6 and we will mail you the standard book.

SURGEON, Chicago.—Sullivan weighed 196 pounds when he fought Paddy Ryan.

J. M., Elizabeth, N. J.—Write to Mike Donovan, 156 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

M. N., New York.—Sullivan defeated Jack Burke in a glove contest in Chicago last June.

A CONVERSATION READER, Miner's Mills, Pa.—Send \$6 and your size and we will send you a pair.

JOHN BROWN, Meredith, Mich.—Greenbacks can be obtained at any bank or exchange office.

W. M., Lawrence, Mass.—Write to John Wood, 308 Bowery, New York; he will supply you.

J. K., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—I. New York city is supplied by Croton.

2. The main crosses the Harlem river.

J. H. B., Trenton.—The New York City Directory locates the party at the same address as you quote.

R. S., Ansonville, Pa.—Sullivan weighed 196 pounds, Ryan 198 pounds when they fought at Mississippi.

C. B. C., Cleveland, Ohio.—It depends on the man that rides the bicycle. If he is an expert he can do so.

J. S. C., Cherokee, Iowa.—Sullivan and Ryan fought for the championship of the world on Feb. 7, 1887.

R. E. F., New York City.—Yes. 2. The battle between Jack Burke and Charley Mitchell ended in a draw.

F. E. B., Globe, A. T.—B wins, throwing two sixes and two fours.

W. M. J., Washington, D. C.—Jack Burke knocked out Mike Haley in a 4-round glove contest at Des Moines, Iowa.

Y. & V., Owego, N. Y.—The word is spelled both ways and the bet is off. One way the word is diarrhea, another diarrhoea.

A READER, Des Plains.—Four aces in the

**PAGES  
MISSING  
ARE NOT  
AVAILABLE**

## BEFORE THE BAR.

Cheap Beer Fatal to Trade--The Ballot Shall Decide the Liquor Question--Defeated Prohibition--More Poison in Water Than in Whisky, etc.



WALTER J. PRICE.

Beer-makers have had their season during the warm days which have just passed. Now the ale brewers' harvest is at hand. It's a well-founded fact that the average American citizen changes his beverage with the weather just as he does his clothing. The colder the day the stronger the liquor drank. So the good ale season is here and all good brewers like Mr. Price are happy. This gentleman is well-known in this State, where his ale is extensively sold. He is one of the best business men in the trade. In the associations also he stands high. He is one of the principal officers in the New York and New Jersey Ale Brewers' Association, and a prominent and favorite member in other societies.

The "spy" system is a dead failure.

The beer brewers have had their harvest.

Down with cheap beer! It's killing the trade.

The State convention of dealers will meet in Irving Hall in this city this year.

The iceman's lot is not so very hard, after all. He has his chores very early in the morning.

The drinking water in Boston is so polluted that the goody cranks have taken to something stronger.

Brother Talmage refuses to accept the vacant honor of running for Governor on the crank ticket in this State.

An exchange remarks that "there is trouble brewing in municipal government in this country." Not while nine-tenths of the city duds are brewers.

The chemist of Brooklyn's Board of Health says most of the beer made or sold in that city was brewed in fourteen days. We hope, however, this will prove untrue.

There is big work cut for the societies this winter. Fall in line and wipe the cranks out at the coming elections. The liquor question must be decided at the polls and not in the courts.

It is worthy to remark that T. B. O. T. D. A. F. T. S. O. T. L. T. stands for the Toronto Branch of the Dominion Alliance for the Total Suppression of the Liquor Traffic. Still, we do not totally abandon the hope of annexing Canada some day.

As the weather is,

"Hot!"	"Cold."
Here.	Hum,
One	One
Beer."	Rum."

It is a most fatal blow to beer brewers who are discovered making beer in a few weeks. In fact, some are said to have brewed lager in a few days. Nothing will wipe beer out so thoroughly in this country as this false system.

The Central Association will confer with the Brewers' Association to adopt some plan of action by which the local organizations may be strengthened, and a fair excise law enacted, in place of the present farce. This is right. In union we may expect some fruitful returns.

"Take a sherry flip," said the captain of the ship to a seasick passenger.

"Will it be of any benefit?" moaned the passenger. "Oh, no, not any particular benefit, perhaps, but it tastes just as good coming up as going down, and there's some advantage in that, you know."

At the local option election held in Anderson county, Texas, the Prohibitionists were defeated by 600 majority. This is the home of Congressman Reagan, who took no active part in the canvass beyond expressing the opinion that local option should not be made a party issue. He will likely remain at home next year.

The large beer breweries of Munich have finally succeeded in obtaining permission from the Bavarian Railway Administration and the Ministry of Finance to run daily extra beer trains to Hof, Aschaffenburg and Ulm. The first of these trains left Munich lately with sixteen cars of different breweries. The chief shipments were to Paris, Havre and Treves.

If there is danger to the beer-drinker in copper and zinc deposits there is equal danger to the consumer of candies. Dr. E. H. Bartley, Brooklyn's admirable chemist, has discovered chrome yellow in lozenges and conversation tablets. It is a terrible

tendency to reflect that a young lady may be swallowing chrome yellow with her conversation. Her only safeguard would seem to be in marrying a candy man.

A case in which violations of the liquor law were charged was disposed of by a Willington (Conn.) justice of the peace in a novel way a day or two ago. The accused had been driving a covered cart, laden with beer, about the roads in the town of Willington, and placing bottles of the liquor in crevices of stone walls, in bushes and behind rocks in the fields, whence they were taken by his customers, who were in waiting. The driver was arrested and tried before Justice of the Peace William F. Essex. He pleaded guilty to the numerous charges that the county officials had made out against him. The fines and costs amounted to \$45. It is the law in such cases that all the liquor belonging to the vendor shall be confiscated by the State, but the good-natured justice promptly returned the beer to the owner after the latter had settled the judicial charges. The vendor was so well pleased with the disposition of the case that he politely invited the justice to "take suthin'."

"Don't care if I do," replied Justice Essex, and he tipped up the bottle which the vendor offered him until its beveled base bore directly on a constellation of fly specks on the ceiling above the bench. Then all the other court officers took a squint at the phenomenon on the ceiling.

"Better take a nuther, judge," said the vendor, who was mellow and jovial, "I won't hurt ye a mite."

"No, thank ye," replied the justice, "but I'll take a couple of bottles home to my wife."

Then the court was adjourned.

## SHE LAID HIM OUT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Empress, the big performing elephant of O'Brien's circus, which is exhibiting at Broad and Dickinson streets, Philadelphia, added another victim to her already long list the morning of Aug. 31. The injured man is John Kimberline, about twenty years old, whose home is in Altoona. He had been traveling with the circus during the season as a helper around the cook house. At about 8 P. M. Traumaster Hall, who has charge of the circus grounds during the night, was startled by hearing cries for help coming from the menagerie tent. The cries could only be heard at intervals, as they were drowned by the loud trumpeting of the elephants and the roars and barks of the other animals. Hall ran to the tent at the top of his speed, but when he reached there the din had almost entirely ceased. The elephants had been quieted by their trainer, Mr. Colley, and the lion cages had been closed. When the voices of the animals had been hushed, the voice of a man was heard calling feebly:

"Oh, Mr. Colley, save me!"

The voice was found to come from a limp mass of humanity, lying in a heap at one side of the tent. It was young Kimberline. An ambulance was summoned, and he was taken to the Pennsylvania hospital, where Dr. Sheeber found that he had sustained severe internal injuries.

From statements made by Kimberline and one or two other men in the tent at the time, it was ascertained that the animal had attacked Kimberline in a spirit of revenge. Kimberline had come in from the cooking room late at night, intending to sleep there instead of going to the cars on Washington avenue. The elephant was chained to a stake in the center of the tent. When the young cook crawled under the canvas the elephant was lying down, apparently fast asleep. Near her was a pile of hay. Kimberline stole quietly up to the hay, gathered an armful and made a bed under the lion's cage. His movements had evidently been watched by the elephant, for when the young man had fallen into sound sleep, Empress quietly rose to her feet, measured the length of her chain, and finding that it would not permit her to reach the young man, she deliberately pulled the stake to which the chain was attached out of the ground. She then walked to where the purloiner of her provender was lying, and wrapping her trunk around the middle of his body hurled him across the tent pole, and as he fell to the ground he screamed lustily for Mr. Colley. When the elephant heard this name she stopped short, and with a look of fear gathered up her hay and beat a hasty retreat to the spot where she had been tethered. When a minute later Colley rushed into the tent, she looked as meek and innocent as though nothing had occurred.

This is Empress' third victim during the present season. About three months ago John Landen, who has been connected with O'Brien's circus for twelve years, was fixing the trappings on a big saddle worn by the Empress in street parades. The elephant was chained a short distance from him. She dislikes street parades and watches the preparations with a wicked gleam in her eye. While the old man's back was turned she suddenly clasped him around the waist with her trunk, and, lifting him high in the air, threw his body against the heavy wooden saddle. Before he could scramble out of reach she grabbed him again and hurled him against the saddle. The old man was seriously injured and one side was partially paralyzed for life. Earlier in the season another employee was slightly injured by getting within reach of the elephant's trunk. Several years ago a female performer was thrown across the tent by the brute, and during the past twenty years she has injured or maimed a dozen or more persons. Soon after she came under the control of her present trainer she took him unaware one day, and, forcing him against a cage, thrust her trunk into his body, fracturing three ribs. She is now thoroughly under his control, and performs some remarkable tricks with him in the ring. No one else has any control over her, and every one is warned to keep beyond her reach.

## A LADY HORSEWHIPPED.

Miss St. Quinten, a favorite with lovers of opera last winter, had a rather unpleasant experience in New Orleans the other day. A dispatch dated Aug. 13, relates the circumstances of the case as follows:

"Last night, at the Spanish Fort opera house, during the performance of the St. Quinten opera company of 'The Chimes of Normandy' there was a little episode introduced which caused no little excitement among the audience. In order to hurry the piece one scene was cut out of it, in which the tenor, Harry Malten, had to sing. Malten was very indignant over the supposed slight, and treasured the bitterest enmity in consequence against the prima donna, Miss Lizzie St. Quinten, who he supposed had the play cut short. In the next scene, while Miss St. Quinten was singing, Malten, to the surprise of everybody, walked on the stage with a cowhide in his hand, and, without saying a word, in the presence of an indignant audience,

struck her several times across the shoulders. Miss Quinten ran behind the scenes, where Malten hit her several additional blows, until, finally, some one caught him. The only excuse offered for the outrage was that Malten was under the influence of liquor. Miss St. Quinten sang her part out, but amid tears and hysterics.

## A ROWING FAILURE.

The three-mile single-scull race for a purse of \$2,000, offered by the hotel and railroad companies on Coney Island, was decided on Sept. 7, after being postponed from Sept. 5. About 1,500 persons were present. The distance was three miles with a turn. All the men seemed in good condition, with the following registered weight: Ross, 171 pounds; Hanlan, 157, and Lee, 152. The betting was 3 to 1 in Hanlan's favor, with odds on Ross as second. At 5:10 o'clock the judges' boat sounded the preliminary whistle, and at 5:18:33 the signal to start was given.

Hanlan's spoons dipped first and in 40 seconds he had the lead of half a boat's length. Ross followed with Lee a few feet behind. For 10 minutes it was a pretty race, with each man spurring to gain the lead. Hanlan went swiftly ahead and at the end of that time was a boat's length in advance. Ross and Lee were neck and neck, the latter having gained slightly on Ross. The boats held these positions for several minutes, with Hanlan pulling 34 strokes to the minute. Ross 32 and Lee 33. At the 1-mile flag Hanlan was ahead, having made the distance in 6 minutes 10 seconds. Lee had dropped to third place, half a length behind Ross. Hanlan was two lengths in advance and working easily, while the other two were straining hard to shorten the distance.

After leaving the mile flag all went smoothly until the mile and a quarter stake was reached. Here Ross came over toward the Long Island shore into Lee's water, and the latter fouled with Ross' starboard oar. Ross held water for a moment, but Lee, taking advantage of the stop, passed him and moved to second place. Seeing that Lee had gained a point on him, Ross dipped vigorously and attempted to foul his antagonist again, but Lee was too quick for him and moved out of his reach. Hanlan, meanwhile, slowed up to watch the others.

Hanlan and Lee turned the stakeboat not far apart. At this point the time was: Hanlan, 11 minutes 40 seconds; Lee, 11 minutes 46 seconds; Ross, 12 minutes. Hanlan had a lead of half a boat's length over Lee, with Ross two full lengths astern. From this point the race became a procession, with Hanlan, who had slowed down to twenty-eight strokes, well in advance, followed by Lee and Ross tardily bringing up the rear. The first two shells seemed to be moving easily, but an occasional glance from Ross, followed by a feeble spurt, showed that he was laboring hard to close the gap between his boat and Lee's. No effort was made by Hanlan to lower the time, and the home run was lazily made. Hanlan drifted by the judges' boat at 5:40:54, with Lee a length behind. Ross arrived before long, several boat lengths in the rear, but his time was not taken.

When the shells rounded up behind the judges' boat Ross was panting hard and buried imprecations on Lee's head. As soon as Ross could get his breath he yelled "Foul," and insisted that he should be allowed a second place.

Lee replied that there was no foul, but that the trouble was all Ross' fault.

"I'll go back and row you now, — you!" yelled Ross.

"He was in my water and wouldn't let me by, and I had to pass him."

"Well, come up now and we'll go over it again, I'll show you who's the best man, — quick."

"That's a big bluff. You know I outrowed you, and you couldn't row another mile to save your neck. You're blown already."

At this point Hanlan rowed up and smilingly told the wrangling oarsman to "let up" until they saw the referee.

At the boat-house Ross insisted that he was being imposed upon and laid the matter before Hanlan, who told him that he had no business in Lee's water. This enraged the defeated sculler, and he said that any man who said that he fouled Lee was a — liar. The second place, however, was given to Lee and the money divided accordingly. Six hundred dollars went to Hanlan, \$400 to Lee, and Ross was given \$200.

The time of the race was 22 minutes 21 seconds.

## SMOKING AND COURTSHIP.

The Persian girls smoke incessantly, and sweeten their breath at every third whiff with a small lump of sugar. It is a mark of esteem to permit a visitor to smoke out of the same pipe, and the Persian young man who goes courting need not take cigars with him nor leave the stump on the front fence as he goes in, for if he prospers in his suit the maiden takes a whiff herself and then passes the pipe to him. If she alters whiffs she is in love, but if she gives him a whiff only once in a while she is merely polite.

Even better than this is the Creole habit of giving their lovers a sort of second-hand benefit of their smoke. This charming trick is performed by the maiden filling her mouth full of smoke and passing it quietly and lovingly into the mouth of her admirer as she gives him a kiss. If he is gallant he will retain it but a moment and then return it, in hopes of getting it back again. This is a pretty trick, but it has its dangers. If the maiden chances to have the larger mouth the young man runs the risk of being filled unpleasantly full of smoke. Most young men are willing to take the chances.

## THE LAST LINGERERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Now that the cold snap has set in the Eastern watering places are being fast deserted. This week we depict the last two guests of the Bar Harbor, Maine, principal hotel.

## SAM CARPENTER SURPRISED.

AN ARMY OF HOTEL PROPRIETORS PRAISING THE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. CO.

A magnificently proportioned gentleman, over six feet long, stood beneath a chandelier in a parlour of the Albemarle Hotel on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst., looking like a luxuriant chess knight. His curling locks were frosted by time, and his blue eyes were aglow with pleasant emotions. Around him were grouped prominent hotel proprietors of the city, and near him stood a table stored with tempting viands and sparkling wine. The gentleman was Samuel Carpenter, the Eastern passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

At 9 o'clock W. D. Garrison, of the Grand Union Hotel, stood in front of an easel supporting a magnificent specimen of penmanship, and made a speech thanking the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and Mr. Carpenter for courtesies extended to them while

they were en route to Chicago to attend their annual Convention in May last. Their resolutions were drafted on parchment by C. S. Champlin, and the parchment stood upon the easel magnificently framed. The signatures of Hitchcock, Darling & Co., of the Fifth Avenue Hotel; A. L. Ashman & Co., of the Sinclair House; J. Walter, of the Albemarle; H. Cranston, of the New York Hotel; William Taylor, of the St. Denis; Charles E. Verner, of the Morton House; A. J. Dam & Co., of the Union Square Hotel; Hawk & Wetherbee, of the Windsor; E. Smith & Son of the Grand Hotel; Keefer & Co., of the Murray Hill Hotel; T. M. Coleman of the Everett House; W. D. Garrison of the Grand Union; Wm. Conner of the St. James; J. H. Breall & Co. of the Gilsey House; H. Clair of the Metropolitan; William G. Schenck of the Westminster; the Lelands of the Sturtevant; W. B. Barry of the Gleham; Powers Bros. of the Gedney; H. H. Brockway of the Ashland; E. L. Merrifield of the Continental; F. Allen of the Astor; C. H. Read & Co. of the Hoffman, and Rand Bros. of the St. Cloud Hotel were appended to the resolutions. Charles W. Collier accepted the gift on behalf of Mr. Carpenter. An attack was then made on the viands and wine. It was led by Robert C. Brown, Col. Burke, Major Bangs, and H. L. Ashman, who, as usual in such entertainments, covered themselves with glory.

## UNANIMOUS CABINET DECISION.

The best Cabinets at Washington, and all the notable connoisseurs Sideboard Cabinets in America, have unanimously decided that DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY absolutely fills the complete requirements of the most critical taste. While the great chemists certify to its entire purity and the most prominent and successful doctors universally recommend it as a sure preventive or perfect remedy for pneumonia, typhoid, fever, diphtheria, and the current disorders incident to trying climatic changes. No well-regulated grocer or druggist will furnish it.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

AKRON, O., Sept. 5, 1885.

Mr. Richard K. Fox:  
DEAR SIR.—Our experience with your paper as an advertising medium has been thus far highly satisfactory,  
Yours truly,  
IDEAL NOVELTY CO., per N. W.

## AN OLD ESTABLISHED ARTICLE.

BUT  
NOTHING LIKE IT.

DR. TOBIAS' CELEBRATED VENETIAN LINIMENT  
for  
CRAMP. DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, NAUSEA,  
SICK HEADACHE, &c.  
WARRANTED PERFECTLY HARMLESS.  
Adult dose, 30 drops in a wineglassful of water.  
Price, 25 and 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.  
As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled.  
Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value.  
Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence.  
Estimates submitted upon application.  
A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisement..... \$1.00 per line.  
Reading Notices..... 2.00 " "  
Copy for advertisements must be in by Wednesday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue.

The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14½ inches each, and 2½ inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discount Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers. Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention. Address all communications

RICHARD K. FOX,  
New York

## MEDICAL.

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Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,

## BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful immoderation, have brought about the state of debility which has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use. Few all other remedies failed. Perfect pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription:

R-Erythroxylon coca, ½ drachm.

Jerubebina, ½ drachm.

Helonias Diolca, ½ drachm.

Geissmin, 5 grains.

Ext. Ignatia amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.

Ext. Leptandra, 2 scruples.

Glycerin, q.s. Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p.m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from intemperance. The results of this treatment are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 40 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

Address or call on

NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.



Tarrant's Compound Extract

OF CUBEBAS AND COPAIBA.

This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medicinal properties of the Cuban and Copal. On recommendation this preparation overrives all others is its neat, portable form, put up in pots; the mode in which it may be taken is both pleasant and convenient, being in the form of a paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion. Prepared by TARRANT & CO., New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

## NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, tempestuously mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

**NERVOUS DEBILITY**  
Premature Decline from errors or excesses, Lost Power, Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, and Prostate Gland CURED without Stomach Medicines by the Marston Bolus. Va-riocellicure cured without surgery. Treatise and testimonials free. All correspondence confidential. MARSTON REMEDY CO., or DR. H. TRESKOW, 46 West 14th Street, NEW YORK.

## A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc. I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

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Successfully treated by correspondence. Address DR. LA GRANGE, Museum of Anatomy, 708 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. "Secrets Revealed;" by mail, 10c.

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COMPOUND EXTRACT COPAIBA, CUBEBS AND IRON. Is a certain and speedy cure. Price, \$1 by mail. At THE OLD DRUG STORE, 2 First Avenue, corner Houston Street, and by druggists generally.

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